

23
56



ressed in a form of hollow flower-print skin
dark eyed, long legs, sweet lipid
took a pull from the bottle and
blew a long line of smoke into the sky,
laughing "fuck them!" (it didn't really

Four minutes
to midnight
issue
ten

four

eminute

estomina

Bright

Four Minutes to Midnight

ISSUE TEN



MONTREAL
NOVEMBER 2008

of 300



***“Give me your eyes
I need sunshine...”***

Wolf Parade, *I'll Believe In Anything*



HODA & DIMA ADRA











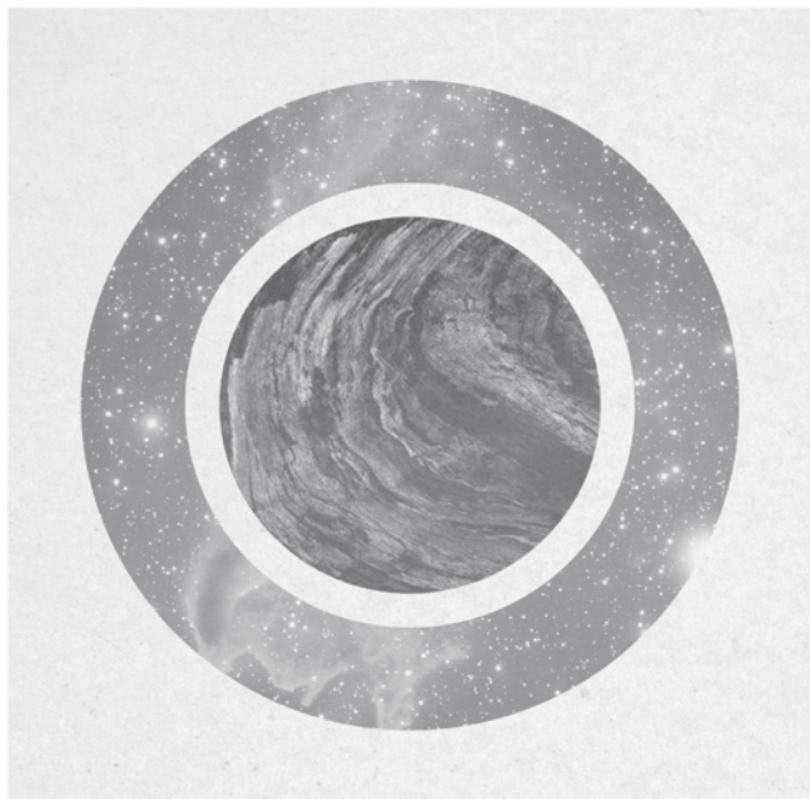


FIG. 1

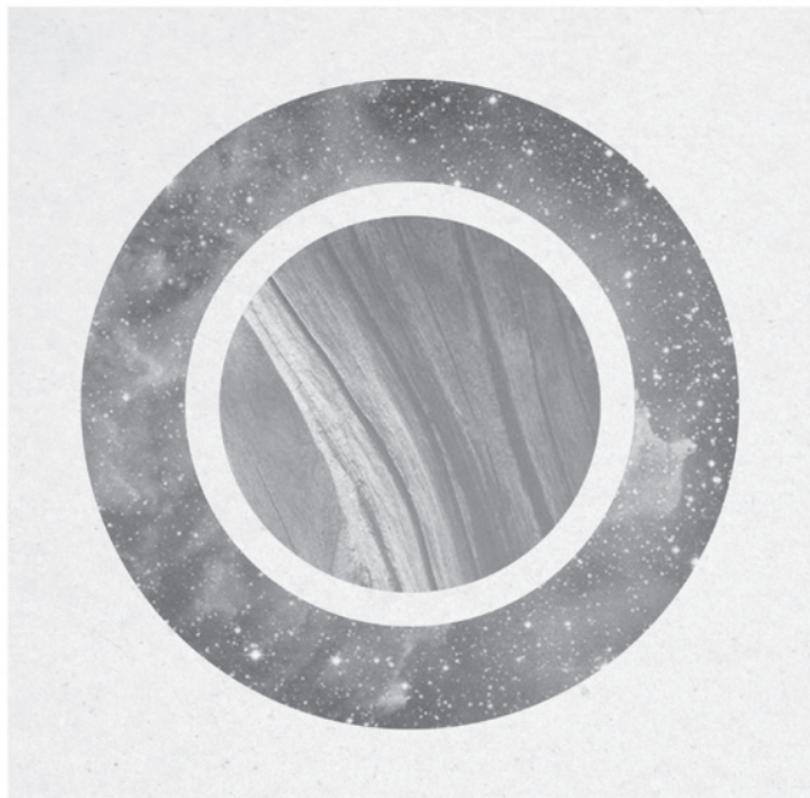


FIG. 2



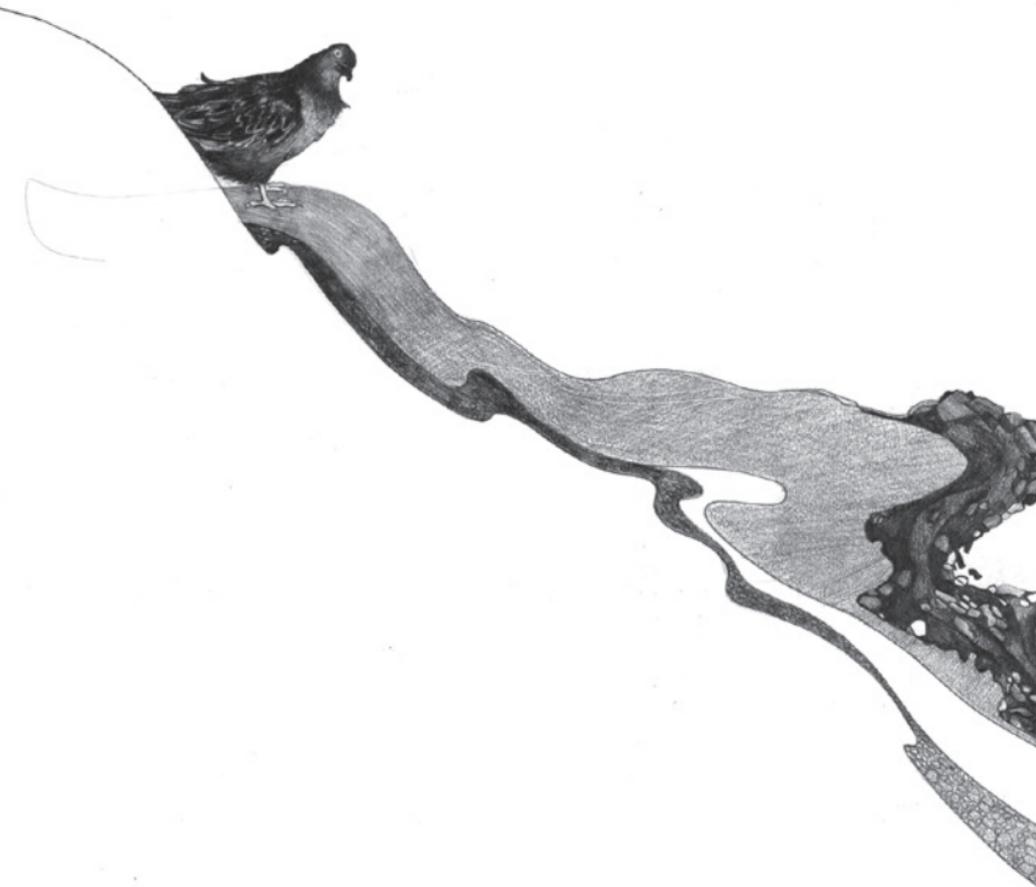
FIG. 3



FIG. 4



FIG. 5



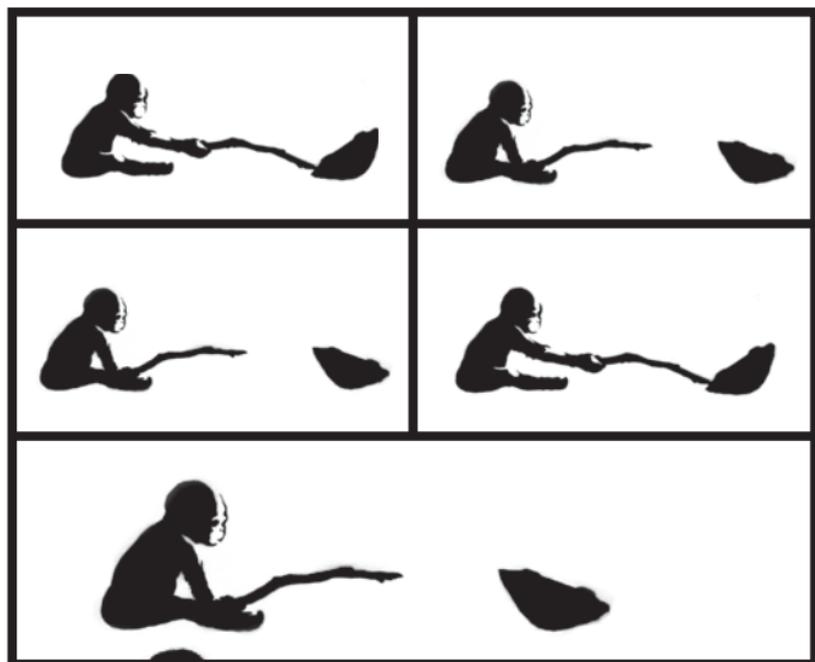
ILINCA BALABAN













I have to tell you something

but my words fail me. I've tried alone at home in front of the mirror—kept my back straight and practiced assertive eye contact—but there always seems to be some spectre behind me, parroting my movements. Otherwise, late at night, I lie under a single sheet, staring at the spiderweb of cracks above me and just spit words out—they bounce back, useless.

I had this friend once—a real poet, an artist. He would swallow an ocean and spit out loneliness, violence, tenderness, vulnerability, contradiction, ferocity, lucidity and above all, love... you didn't need anything else.

Sometimes, he visits in my dreams, but speaks too softly to hear, to remember past the dawn.

“sous les pavés, la plage...”

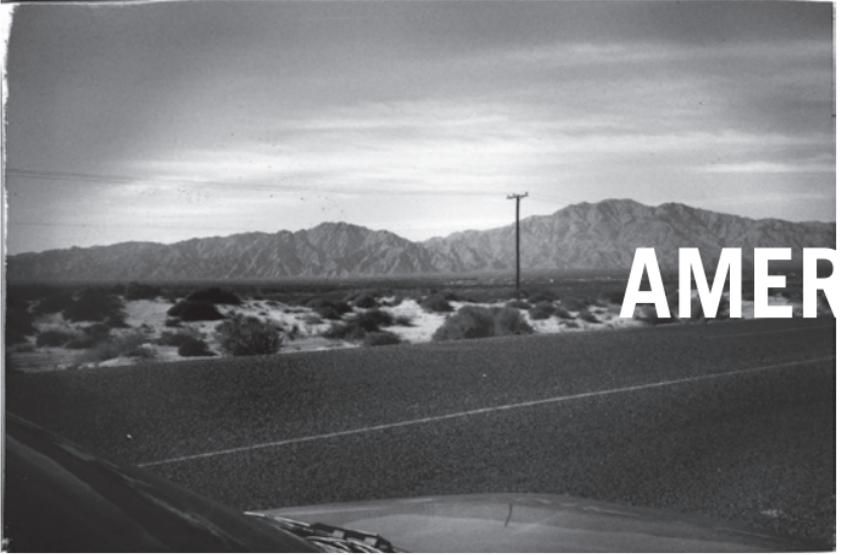
I've got this feeling. I've hesitated again. Mired in doubt. Frozen by circumstance. I thought I had moved beyond this paralysed, angsty, crap. Devastation, disaster on the plains, in the cities, under the sheets, between us... in all the places we shouldn't be. The *office* mall incubators and neon fallout shelters.

Remember *before*, before, *before*, before...
when we stayed up all night, every night?
Dreaming at each other.

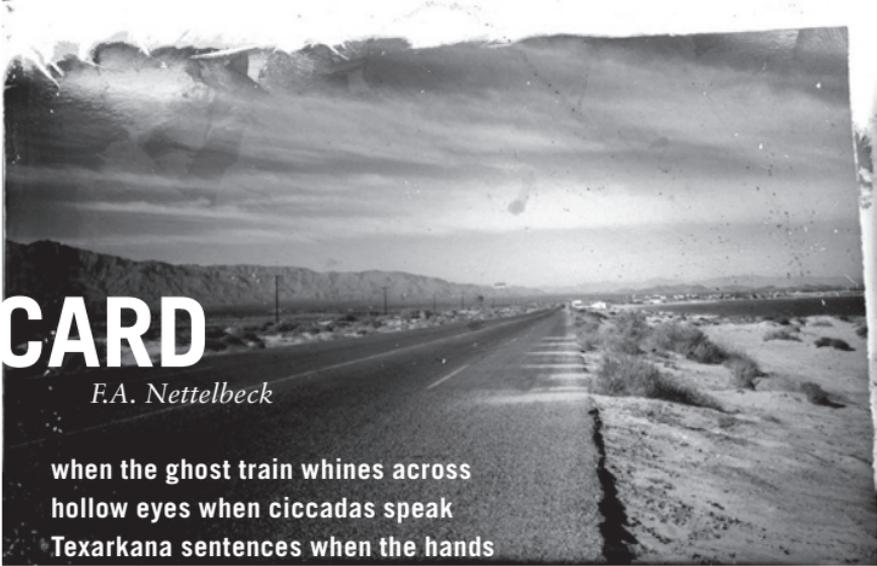
What I want to say is simply this:
I still have something to tell you.











CARD

F.A. Nettelbeck

when the ghost train whines across
hollow eyes when cicadas speak
Texarkana sentences when the hands

of a waitress unbutton his grease stained
jeans in the back of no memory when
the radio plays a hobo song inside a locker
at the Greyhound station at noon when
the children find a brown body in the alley
next door to the Hotel Grim when the pink
meat of the watermelon splits obscenely
open when the one mosquito lights on a
cheerleader's smooth bare ass when you'll
turn to alcohol where the weathered
metal sign says **COOL INSIDE**



~~when I'll be coming back on home~~ ~~that's~~

ACHILLE'S RAGE

Joshua Mensch

poison of my body

for being robbed at the ankle

the last place my mother held me as a boy



CAPE SPLIT

VINCENT TINGUELY

THE LAST SUMMER that I lived in Halifax had to be just about the most depressing time I'd ever been through. I'd broken up with my latest love, that was one strike. I was eking out the most meager of meager livings at Canadian Facts, a market survey company, calling people to interrogate them about their snack food and cigarette habits, and that was strike two. Strike three was my creative life, which was nil, which was reams and reams of crappy writing that led me farther and farther *into*, not out of the darkness.

It was dark in broad daylight. Everywhere I went, I brought the basement with me.

A couple of young idealistic kids I knew, volunteers at a local ecology NGO, invited me for a weekend hike up to Cape Split. 'C'mon, it'll be fun!' said Ms. Honeyblonde and I said, 'Sure.' But I said 'sure' in the same dangerous state of indifference

with which I did everything then. ‘Sure’ in the sense of, ‘Sure, I could go to Cape Split, or I could walk in front of a speeding truck—whatever.’ So the two girls got hold of the NGO’s van, we loaded it up with some camping equipment, and drove off on Friday evening.

We camped that night in a little provincial park. By the light of a fire I tried to serenade the girls with some of my lugubrious songs, but the more I played, the more the girls glumly huddled together. ‘Sorry I don’t know any happy campfire songs,’ I said. ‘No, no, your songs are nice...’ they said, even as they shivered.

Despite my prowess at being a joy killer, Ms. Honeyblonde decided to share a tent with me, rather than with her friend. After some affable chat we set about doing what I presume she’d had in mind all along—making out. But it was a profound fizzle of a make-out session. Before long, I found myself diplomatically muttering something about being tired, and I turned over, hoping it wouldn’t be long before sleep came. For months I’d been thinking about nothing but how lonely I was, and yet when the opportunity presented itself, I found I preferred loneliness to any effort it might take to engage in all that Ms. Honeyblonde had to offer.

In the morning we drove on, and somewhere beyond Wolfville ended up at the end of a dirt road. We hoisted our packs on our backs and set off along a well-worn path that led through a woodland. Cape Split is a point of land that juts out into the Bay of Fundy from the Nova Scotian shoreline. It isn’t a provincial park or a national park or any sort of a park, actually. It’s private property. Regardless, it was a magnet for hikers—nobody was stopping them.

Walking along a slowly-rising path through greeny wood: this was just about where my state of mind could function optimally—that is, this weird blank gaping awareness I was saddled with could chow down on twigs and branches and boles and mulch and birdsongs and sun twinkling through gaps in the forest. It was an old growth hardwood forest, or at least old growth enough that there wasn't much in the way of underbrush to deal with. There were other parties on the move, climbing upward or downward. Sometimes they passed us. Sometimes we passed them.

It was only after a couple of hours that I was starting to get really tired and began to wonder when we'd finally get there—on the map, Cape Split's just a little crooked finger, a clitoris of land in the vast Fundy waters, so I hadn't anticipated such a long uphill trek. I began to see the clear pearl light of late afternoon through the screen of trees ahead, and then it was like a curtain was drawn back, and I walked out onto a meadow of dense, dark green seagrass.

The sky was blue and full of crying birds. I'd never seen so many sea birds, they rose and fell, they hovered and cocked their heads staring at us with beady black eyes and they cried, cried, cried. They danced in triads like a living Philip Glass composition, floating doodly–doodly–doodly and crying doot–doot–doot... There were all kinds of sea birds but being a typical city-bred rat, I couldn't name any of them, except the gulls of course. But these gulls were nothing like the river gulls of Montreal or the harbour gulls of Halifax, these gulls had five foot wing spans, these gulls were huge, huge and wild and clean. They eyed us fearlessly, floating almost within reach, hovering, shearing off to one side or another, drifting down below the edge of the cliff, bobbing up again, curious.

The cliff. I could walk right up to the edge of the cliff—there was no fence. The grass and turf went to the edge like nature's own broadloom and then stark, sharp-edged granite cliffs plunged dizzily downward like a falling elevator or one of those awful carnival rides, down three hundred feet to foaming, restless white breakers smashing themselves endlessly against the rocks. And all the time the birds, wheeling, turning, crying.

I looked out. There, the sea. The Bay of Fundy. Off in a hazy distance, the golden-hued hills of the New Brunswick shore. A younger self had stood on that shore a dozen years before. The water was deep blue, heaving, glittering in the late afternoon sunlight. Tiny boats plied the waves, leaving long V-shaped trails.

I turned, looked into the troubled eyes of Ms. Honeyblonde, and felt the distance I'd put between us the night before. I looked at the handful of other hikers dotting this patch of pasture perched on three-hundred foot cliffs. It all felt like a Seurat painting, it felt all wrong. And yet surely this was heaven, this high place of calling birds, of ocean air and skies arching overhead infinitely... It was heaven, but it was a heaven I could not name. I felt utterly dispossessed of the very thing I most desired. I could walk up, I could look, I could drink it all in, but in the end, I had no place here. I would have to turn around and walk back. Back to the van and the city. Back to sitting in my favourite donut shop down by the ferry terminal, reading the *Daily News* and smoking a cigarette.

At that precise moment of negative satori, I heard the high, buzzing noise of a tiny engine. And then another, and then a whole flock of them. I turned toward the forest, astonished.

Even here in heaven they come on their little three-wheeled putt-putts, stinking up the same path we'd climbed on foot like holy Tibetan saints. Droning up the path, destroying its spiritual hush with noise and exhaust and their indifference to all things. They never left their living room, the big screen, the remote control. They loaded their living room onto a machine and they hauled it all the way up into heaven. They hopped off their trikes and pointed the lenses of their video cameras. They filmed heaven for future consumption.

And I was no different. Me and my infernal combustion engine mind, buzzing away, stinking up the landscape, exterminating the blissful, eternal present moment.



**L
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K
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JP King

**O
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**O
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S**

We listened to old bridges.
We hid our hearts like apples
in an orchard.

Last night we clambered aboard an icecap,
pressed our palms
to each other's breasts in the blackness.

In the morning, I will dangle my beard in the water,
which I'll bait while you're not looking,
and try to catch breakfast.

In the playground
you threw rocks at my ears,

then I put a pebble in your soup,
and you told my mom.

I wished that we'd lived in a time when wild pigs
copulated in the streets,
eating garbage and mauling children.

We'd not be born ragpickers then, but soap makers,
and would meet for the first time over the corpse
of a bloated horse.

I lay one plank, you the other,
and one day somebody will build us a cover.

WITH AUTHORITY

the sign said “constituents of fascism”
and the young man said “Are you feeling stimulated
these days?”

I wonder what he’s selling me
I wonder how much he thinks I’m worth
I got your fascism right here

people are coming and going with purpose
swiftly, with authority
cheating body language

a small girl runs into pigeons and
laughs as they fly away
they fear her and she is entertained and I am amused
seems only fair to want to be her
or a pigeon
or the fear that forces things to move

what I wouldn’t give to move you

WITHOUT AUTHORITY

there's a price on everything, dear friends

the street merchant will try to bargain with you
wrap up things you haven't purchased
and demand cash

radio stars will pimp you love and sex
and tell you it's free

you will be sold hopes and bliss in
designer catalogues
mint green walls and egg shell sofas
will get you everywhere you ache to be
and no one will tell you it's not a real antique

perfect will seem perfect until something better comes along

poets will share bullshit stories with you
make self-reference and think themselves clever
and if you don't start paying attention you'll fall for all of it

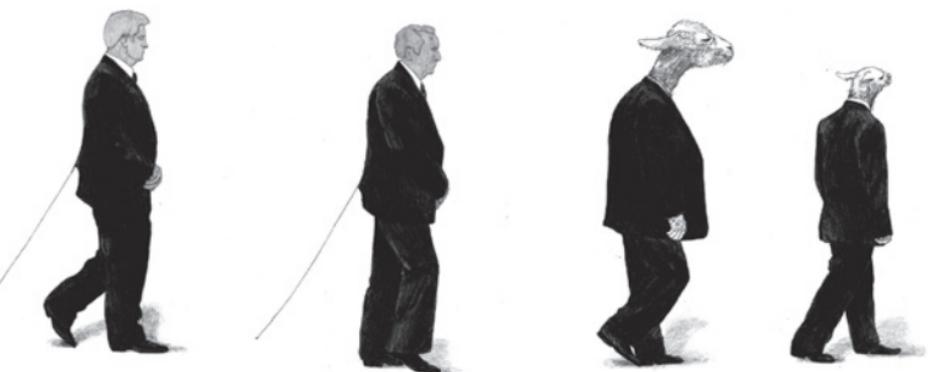
never fall for the salesmen
who tell you they love their job
never fall for the anarchist
who only turns up at rallies



never fall for the folksinger
who sings about broken hearts
while banging more chicks than a rock star

if it seems too good to be true, check the expiration date

get used to the fact that
when you feel like a one person army
all associations missing or presumed dead
parading around the metropolis of dirt
know that you are right
and you've never needed to fight a war
this badly in your life





Our expectations

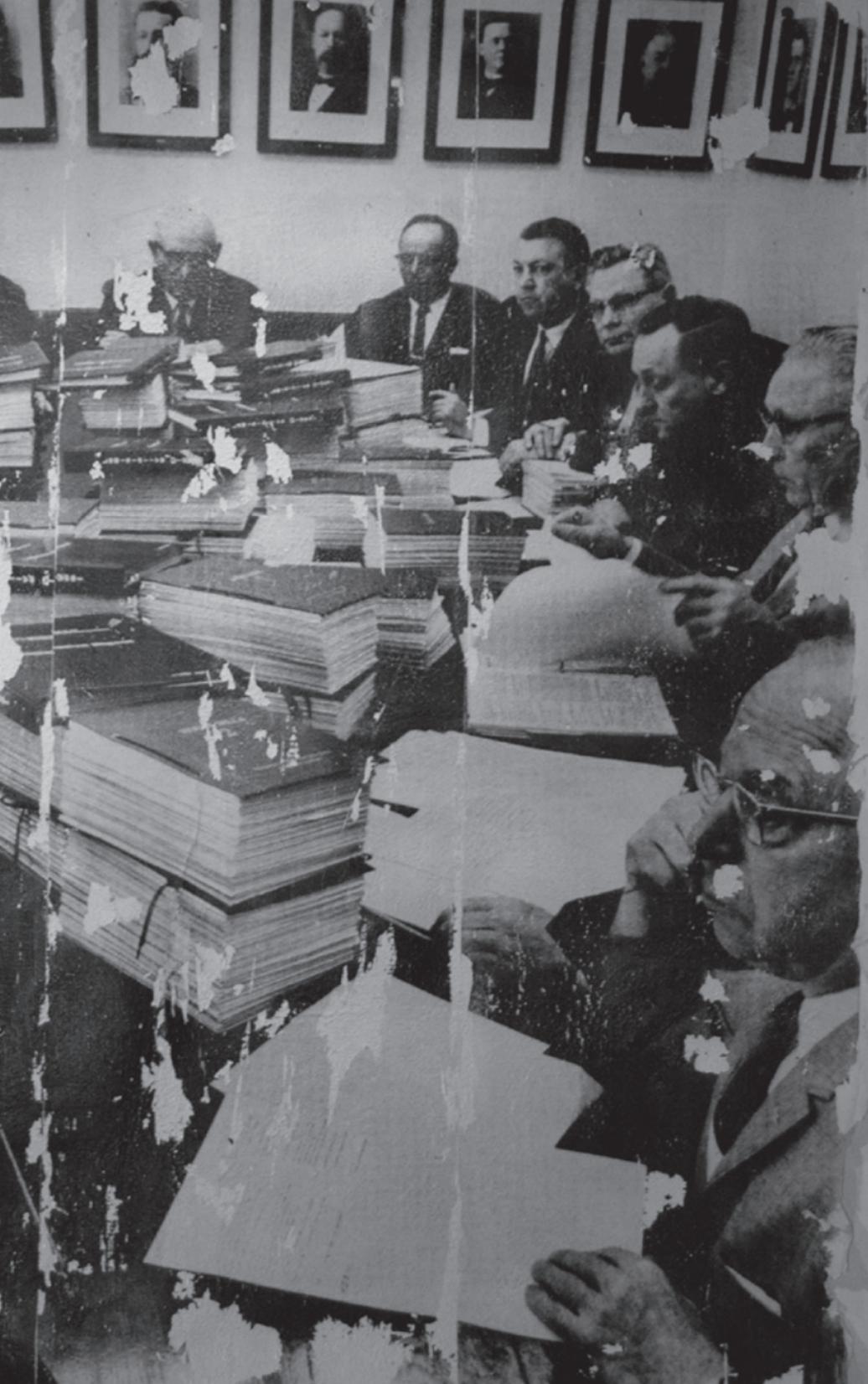
shemet



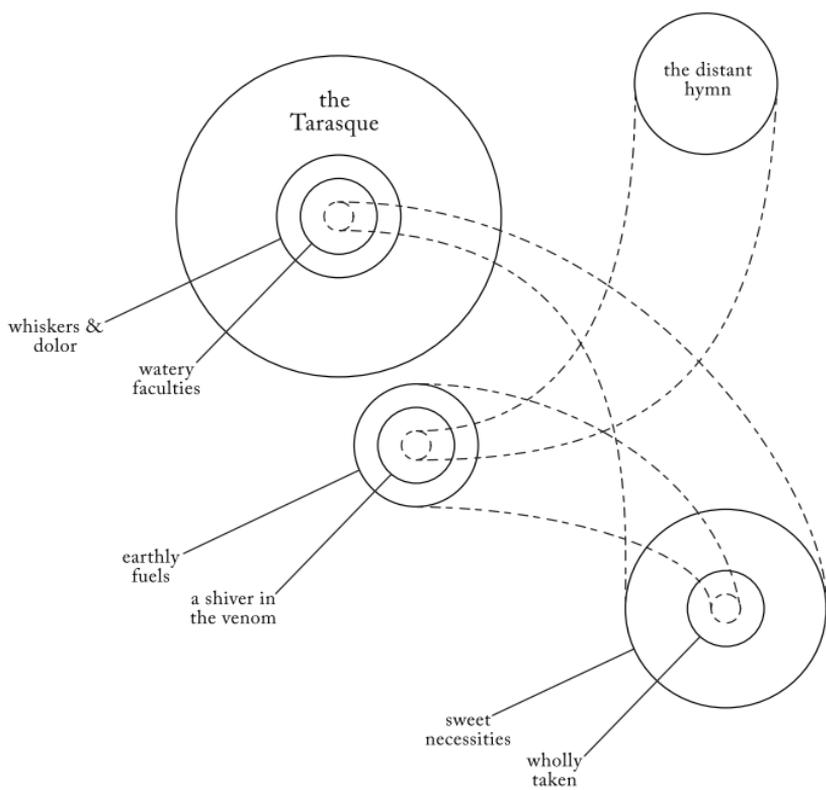
KYLA CHEVRIER

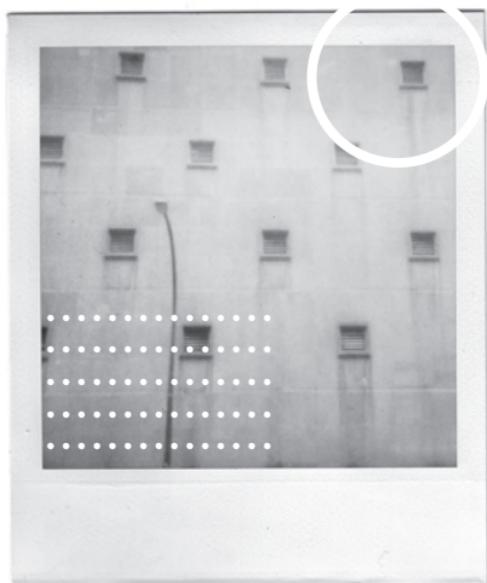


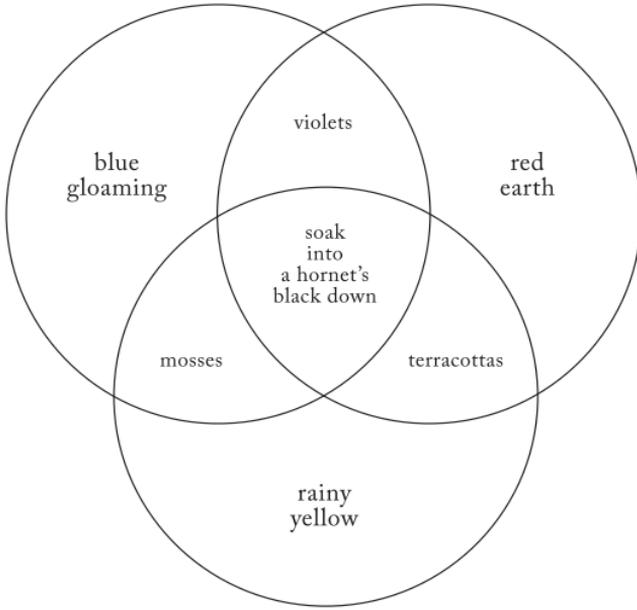






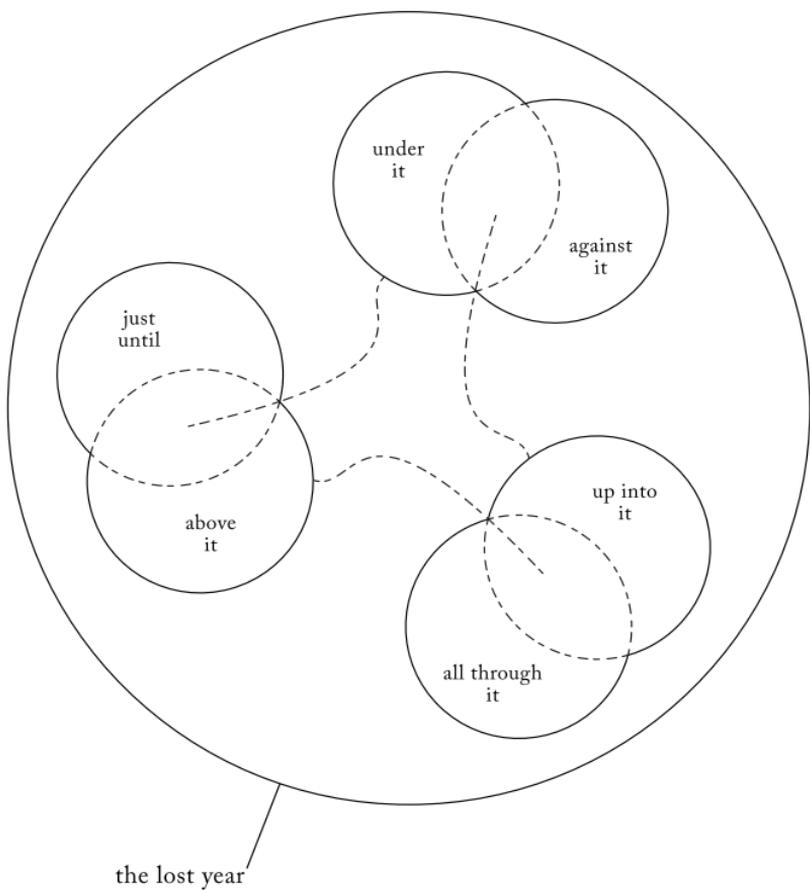






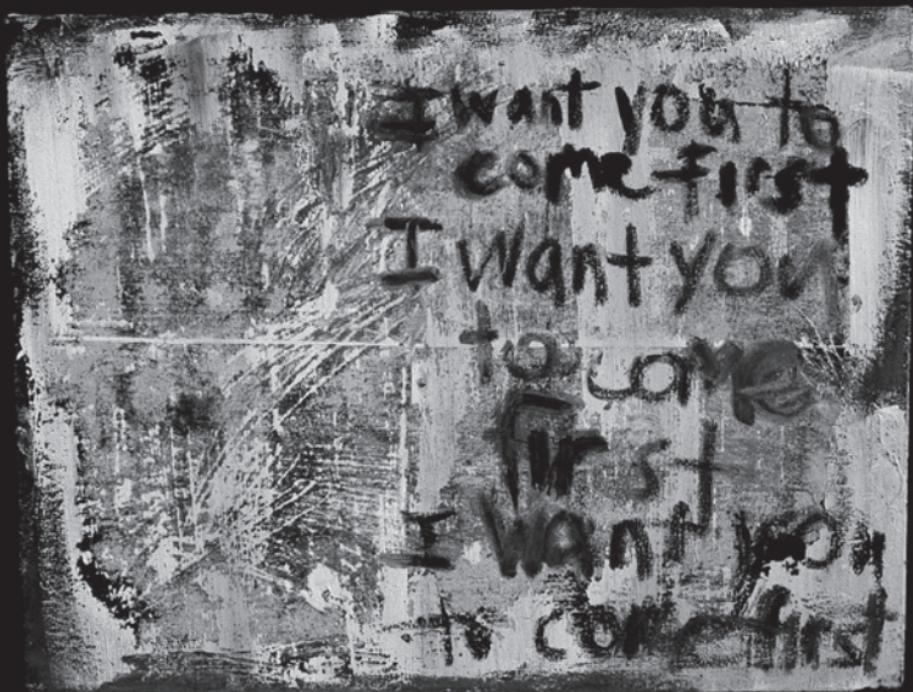


*
Like history we repeat ourselves.

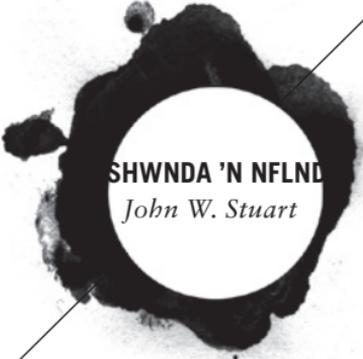




I thought
I had moved
beyond that...



your only chance for happiness your only
chance for happiness your only chance
for happiness your only chance for
happiness your chance for happiness your
only chance for happiness
your only chance for happiness your only chance
for happiness your only chance
for happiness your only chance for
happiness your only chance for
happiness your only chance for happiness



SHWNDA 'N NFLND
John W. Stuart

**SHE SOLD OUT THE NEW TYPOGRAPHY FOR
CLAPBOARD
BLACK FLIES
AND PINE NEEDLE FALLOUT SHELTERS**

*(BEGGED MERCY FROM THE INSISTENT
CITY)*

**AND CAME HOME PIXELATED AND SHORN
FROM THE TIDE**

**I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN THE SEA WAS HERE
JUST UNDER
THE STREETS**

please please please
please please
please please please
please please
please please
please please please

IN PRAISE of SLUTS

VINCENT TINGUELY

○ sluts. You are my only loves. You're the only ones who really see me, who reflect me in love, who show me my better aspects in love, who feed me hot meals in love, who wash my body in love, who dress me in love, ask for my aid and my comfort in love, nestle within my strength in love, who praise my poor efforts at art in love, who always raise me up, who keep my head above water despite myself, in love,
in love,

in love,

in love.



UNTITLED
{for PM}

Maria Mavrig

Wings fluttered in front of my eyes
as the story was told between bottles of Merlot.
It spills over a spine, stitched within pages.

His old illusions were concealed in the
froth of burnt candles.
Dark bits of ragged and
obscure sightings nestled in his mind.
Like rocks that have regrets
and remain stranded until it's too late
and everyone grows
 old
 wrinkled
 and withered away.

But he, he is perfectly adorned in a single photograph
whose sepia print undertones fill up a whole tapestry.

in

love

I place it in my wallet and keep it
as a plant, tending to its corners with
 Care and Wishes.
As if paper planes were carefully folded
by the ripples of my fingertips.

in love

He left us behind, somehow.
Not by his own choosing
but by a beauty richly disguised
in silence. Until the ringing in my ears
fades softly and I can hear again.

in love

in love

JUST ONE MORE TIME

I love you I
love you I lo
ve you I love
you I love you
I love you I
love you





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Over-the-Rhine, Cincinnati

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& KEVIN LO

—
—
—
—
—

KEVIN YUEN-KIT LO

—
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—

lest I forget
the skin I used to wear
the war I used to feel
vibrating through my bones
churning in my stomach
keeping me up at night
in front of the screen
lonely

back then, I liked to think
that the war could feel me
too

words and images
sucked in and spit back out
through a digital filter
dreams dreamt and theories
built up from a child's
understanding of philosophy
and art

making stuff/breaking stuff

from my little corner
of blvd. St. Laurent
rallying against

the meaninglessness of design
crying that there was inherent,
purposeful meaning
to line and form and colour
as in language;
the words we use to describe
the world as it is
and as it could be

might
just
matter

'cause our reflection
in the cut of a serif
is the first part
of the stories we tell

SOME RANDOM FACTS:

Conceptual artist Lawrence Weiner consistently set his typographic artworks in the typeface Franklin Gothic Condensed, choosing to use it over Helvetica because of the later's inflexible, authoritarian demeanor.

In the 1950s, Unilever branded Dove Dove—referring to the symbol of peace—in honour of the soap's original use as a moisturising detergent developed for US Navy soldiers who suffered from dried and hardened skin due to their exposure to sea water and sand.

Jón Pór Birgisson, lead singer of the Icelandic rock band Sigur Rós, often sings in an invented language

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*called Vonlenska, or Hopelandic.
Though the gibberish language
has no grammar or syntax, it is
undeniably charged with meaning.*

under a watchful eye
everything is charged with meaning
and that was our imagined
battleground; the seen unseen,
all the stuff in between
what we say and what we do

so then
what happened to our plans, man?

*(...) if we understand that the means
of communication set the basic
parameters for the functioning of a
society, then designers are complicit
in the perpetuation of these
problems. Yet this understanding
also places the designer in a
privileged position for the furthering
of a socially progressive agenda.
As the adverse effects of rampant
commercial culture grow, it is
continually challenged by popular
resistance. It is design's urgent
role to not only give voice to this
resistance, but to work towards
the construction of a genuinely
sustainable and democratic
communications environment.*

we struggled to find an aesthetic
of provocation and resistance
to their lies about democracy,
freedom and prosperity

that wouldn't be sold back to us
at an atrocious price
one morsel at a time

paper planes flung at office towers,
over fences and across borders
inscribed with the words
"we are everywhere"

and I believed it for a while

...

over time the idealism inevitably
fades, ground down by work
coupled with the nagging comfort
of growing old, tired and
learned from countless mistakes

over time the constant search for
form will end up leaving you
hollow

...

so

now I'm left waiting

(and wanting)

for the sublime, the catalytic
moment of **radical beauty**
still to come

and after all the preaching and
pixel pushing, I hope that
when it does finally come (and I
know it will, be it through love, fear
or global capitalist catastrophe)
I'll know what to do, I should
hope that we'll know
what to do.

**FA
NETTEL
BECK**

SEWING MEMORY

DEAD INDIAN

when you beg the
undertaker
to just
see her one
last time
and he says no

you remember
that beat-up
bra across
her back
straining to
hold up a
basket of kisses

LONESOME

the white dwarf stars
themselves mirror an
agonized pose that tells
of dinosaur death throes
as delicate as the image
of a Paris car crash or
melancholia or romanticism
on the furious horizon which
could trigger a memory of
the future itself breathing
life prior to the reenactment
of fossilized time

MALA NOCHE

antique flowers
are pressed
between the
covers of your
decaying books
while the lips of
ghosts strain
against the
albumen of
a nightmare

BLUES FOR BILLY

the hangover just
proves that life is
free to make of it
what you will and
fuck them all to be
exact it's just you
and me baby and
that dejection of
their clear skies
now and forever
and on and on and
on and on and on
all the way past
the bridge toward
God's neon eyes

SUMMER

dark amber
bottles will
flush out
the dream
on this hot
nameless
day with
the weed
covered
refrigerator
unplugged
in the yard
where a deer
hangs like
a revenant
and scrawny
blessed
dogs sport
porcupine
quills outside
a broken
down truck
full of garbage
when I lick
the red skin
on her thighs

THIS WAS WRITTEN LATE 1980'S AT MONA'S NUDE BAR, S.E. PORTLAND, OR:

through you no
blank thoughts

As is now.
(I know)

crawl into the
dark

surrounding voices

NOT A LIFE

we last this
long:

as sweat &
wet
as the fear

as the lips
in the ground

stupid, but I
write &
this moves

to forget you

flesh & mirror;
long fingers
of time
expose need.

so you breathe
hard into his
face as he
fucks you.

I have kissed
the mirror.

I have kissed
your mouth.

an exploded view
of intimidation

Agree (trail of

stolen eyes

far away)

All about you, it's
all about you,
swollen &
important inside
these words
like heated
blood.

All I have.

blank mirror.

this is what
time
is

the waiting to
go back

glorious &
smooth

to that first
room

I know it.

it is not like this

MEAN
MORE
TO ME

what it takes.

a heart torn
subject to fear.

not to be harmed,

I accept the
fever.

I AM STILL HERE

this is now time;
not to repeat
words:

you are sick,
contained by an
eaten past.

she stood in
the room.

he stood in
the room.

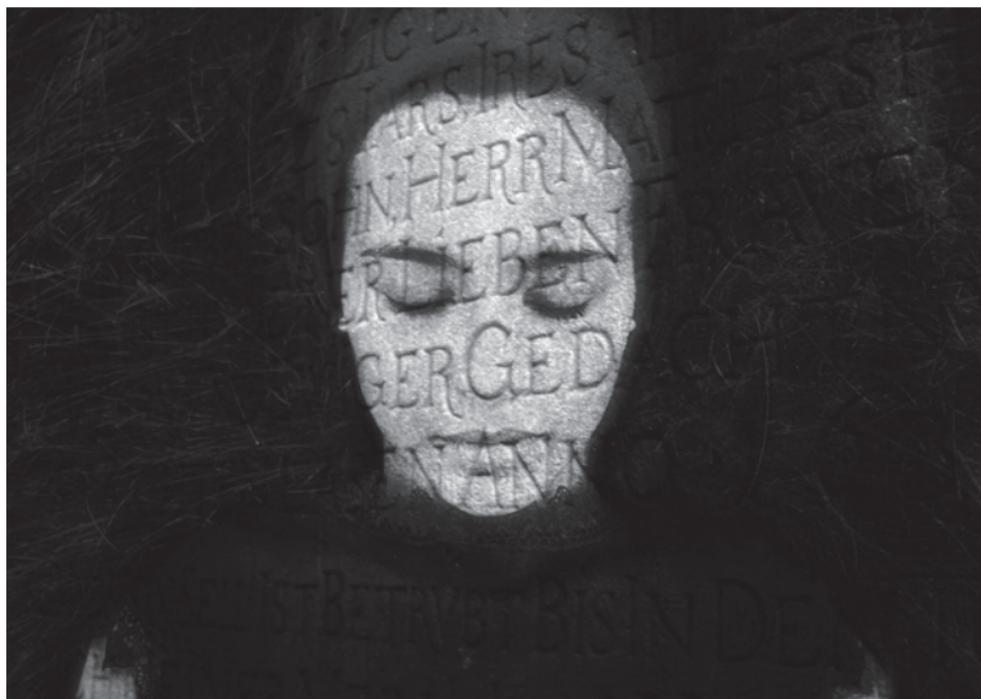
burrow into sadness

then to remember,
we are governed
by our hips—
gyrating into
nonexistence.









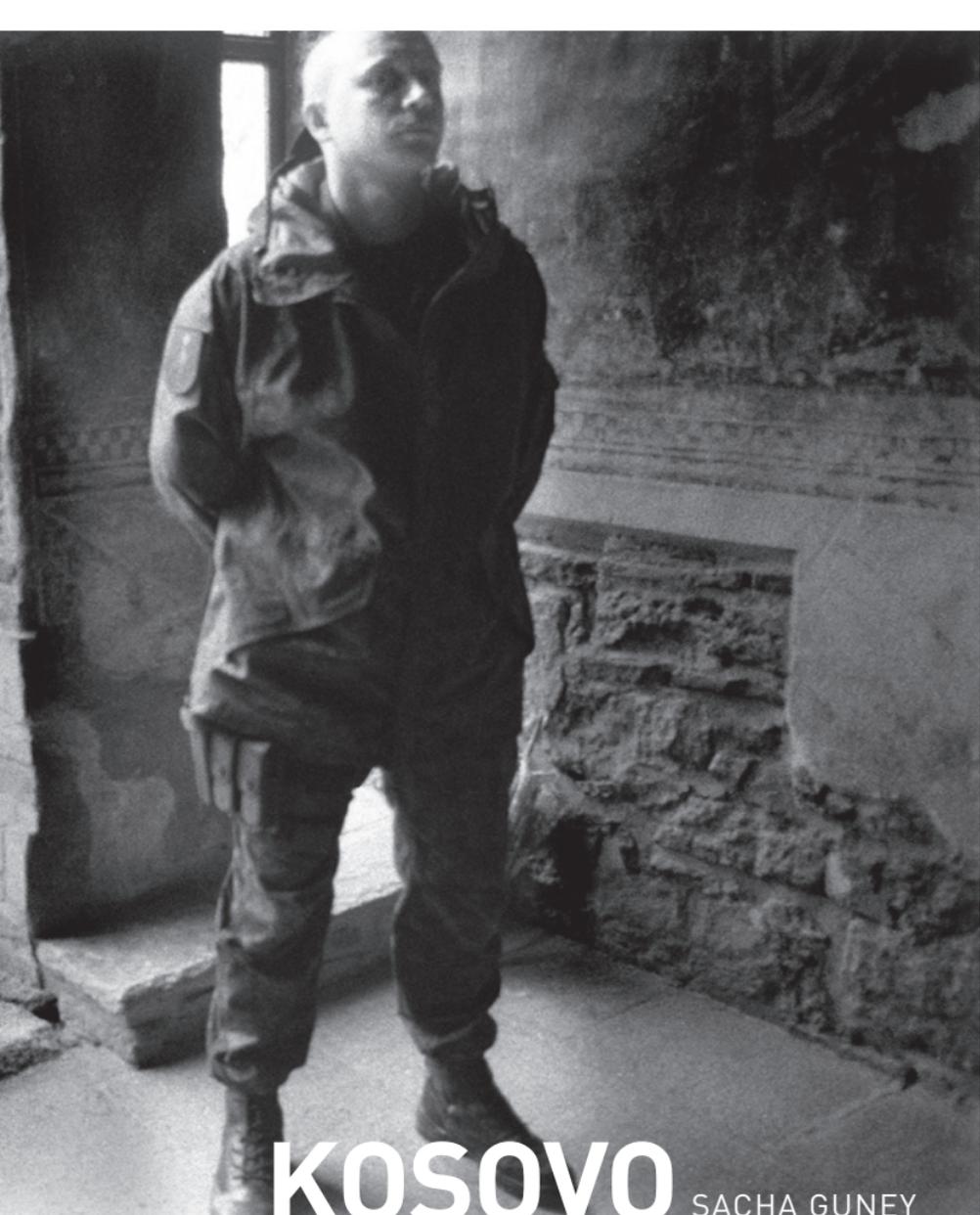








GRAČANICA, SERBIAN ORTHODOX MONASTERY



IN FEBRUARY 2008, the Assembly of Kosovo declared Kosovo's independence as the Republic of Kosovo. As of October 2008, its independence is recognised by 50 countries, but opposed by Serbia, Russia and China.



A visitor to Kosovo will be struck by two things: a sense of renewal, awakening and normalcy (50% of the population is under 25 — many people returning from refuge abroad during the years of war), and the feeling that this renewal was won at great cost.

Although today most people are worried about finding a job, the ethnic and religious divisions that fueled the oppression of the 20th century, which finally exploded into all-out war in 1999, remain.



MITROVICA, ALBANIAN YOUTH



PRIŠTINA





GRAČANICA, SERB ENCLAVE



MITROVICA, THE IBAR RIVER



street photography in Herat

*arms merchant,
Herat*





police officer, Kabul surroundings





Russian tank cemetery, Herat









NO LOGO

São Paulo, Brazil
TONY DE MARCO









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$$dU = Q - W$$
$$dU = Q - p dV$$
$$dU = q - p dv$$
$$c = \frac{q}{dT}$$
$$= \frac{dU}{dT}$$



4 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

EMILY KAI BOCK & KEVIN LO



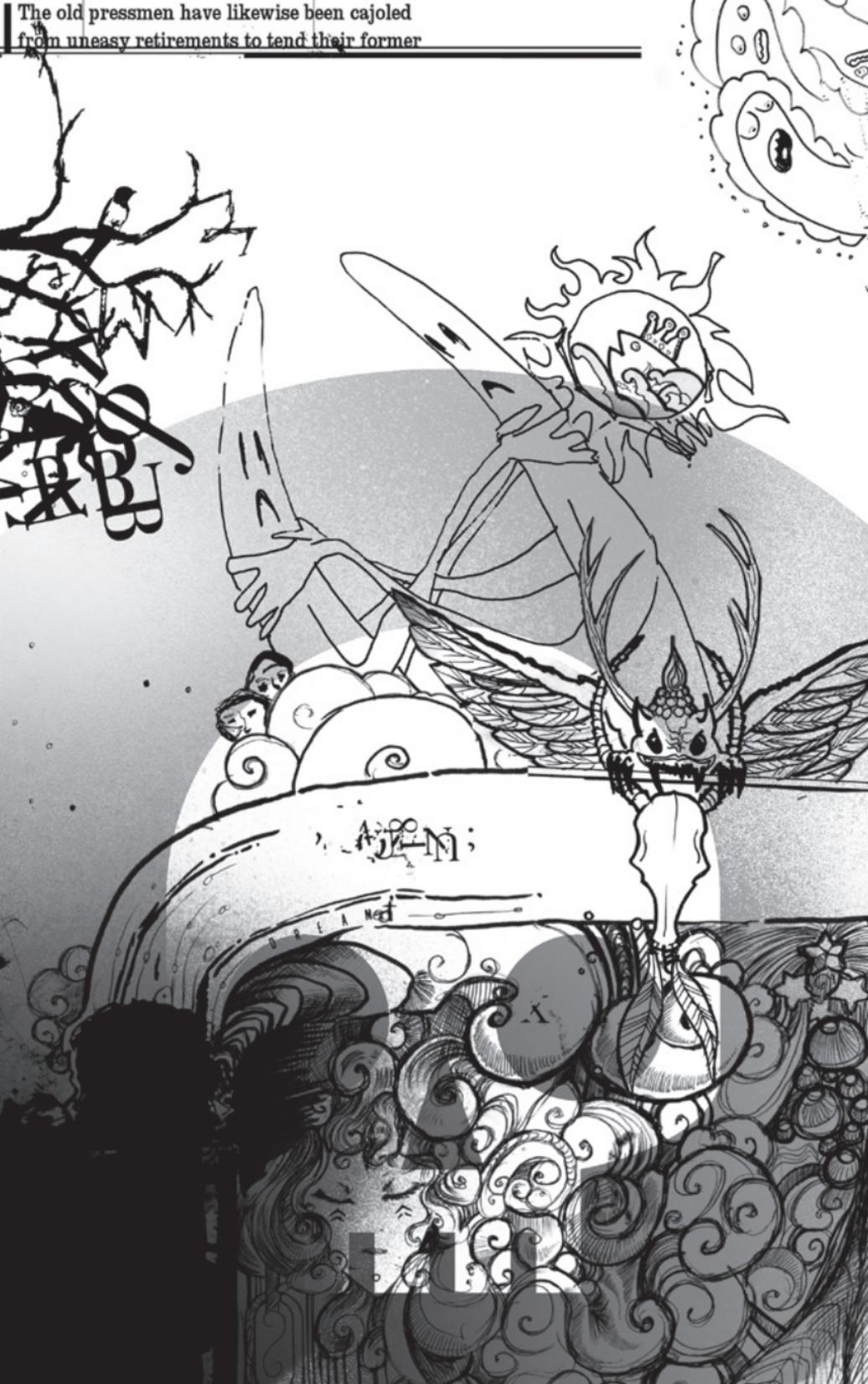
*"THE SAME PEOPLE WHO ARE MURDERED SLOWLY IN
THE MECHANIZED SLAUGHTERHOUSES OF WORK ARE ALSO
ARGUING, SINGING, DRINKING, DANCING, MAKING LOVE,
HOLDING THE STREETS, PICKING UP WEAPONS AND
INVENTING A NEW POETRY."* RAOUL VANEIGEM

. Thus

**everything
as
accepted**



The old pressmen have likewise been cajoled from uneasy retirements to tend their former



**In the
the agitation
shape of continues
of a
kiss**

WE WERE DEALT A PERFECT HAND/ AND WE CAME UP WITH THE PERFECT PLAN /
PERFECT MOMENT, PERFECT SPACE / PERFECT DREAMS AND PERFECT TASTE / WE CAN GE
TO SCHOOL ON SUNDAYS / WE COULD GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING / IF
AND THE KIDS STAY OUT ALL NIGHT /

you

*dressed in a formica yellow flower-print skirt,
dark eye'd, long leg'd, sweet lip'd
took a pull from the bottle and
blew a long line of smoke into the sky,
laughing "fuck them!" (it didn't really matter who)*

**and I fell
into it**

WE CAN GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING /
T AWAY WITH EVERYTHING / AND WHEN TRAINS COLLIDE IN THE RAIL YARD / AND THE KIDS GO
WE PLAY IT RIGHT / AND WHEN WE LAUNCH OUR ASSAULT ON THE CITY /
WE MIGHT GET AWAY WITH EVERYTHING / IF WE PLAY IT RIGHT... **then**

YOU SAID WE'D SEE'T THROUGH *PLAYING AT LOVE WITH A SORT OF SURRENDER*
STAY TRU TO ANARCHY, PAINT TRAYS AND GLUE *TO ANOTHER'S UNCERTAINTIES*
DREAMING OUT THEORY *DRIFTING TO AND FRO IN THE TIDE OF*
HORIZONTAL AESTHETICS *DOUBT AGAINST DESPAIR AND*
EYEING SWEEPING RECKLESS VISTAS *HOPE AGAINST HOPE*
EYEING FOREVER TOMORROW

and **AND**
and **AND**
if **IF**
AND/IS/IF/THE

into/over/out from/through

—
smiles felt yet not shown
intention without passion
passion without promise
misplaced words

tomorrow



then

THE DROWNED AND THE DRONING
fold INTO EACH OTHER



—
what you slept in so fitfully
shown to no one, not even you
not even the rain

knows silence knows

discretion is never admitting to the disease

though we might acknowledge that
communication is often uncomfortable.



THE GREY DAWN STILL BECKONS

*So walk out the door
leave the empty apartment to*

its secrets



We
go
now
and
we breathe

working
the air
from
one
clammy chamber to another

we will last this

AS SWEET AND WET

*please leave me without questions
this time*

'COS NOW MY VERBS ARE ABSENT AND MY NERVES INDECENT

turn off the clocks for a day and
fake the restless laughter of kids playing in trees
the ground below too far to jump

*we will
find ourselves
here.*

broken. but. with a slightly finer glow.

(pale
under
streetlights)

and

long

AS THE FEAR

as the lips in the ground



(goodbye my drone)

I NEED THE PULL TO SINK
BEYOND GRAVITY UP A
VOICE — NOT UNRESTRAINED
with REGRET / IMPATIENCE / VIOLENCE ^{filled}

(at least not only)

I WILL GO DEEP ON
THE DOWN STROKE
COURTING A RHYTHM
— LEANING FORWARD,
HOLDING BACK — HOOT-
ING THE GOOD NEWS
TO CRACK THE
SHEEN OF BEAUTY

(inside you)

• WITH •

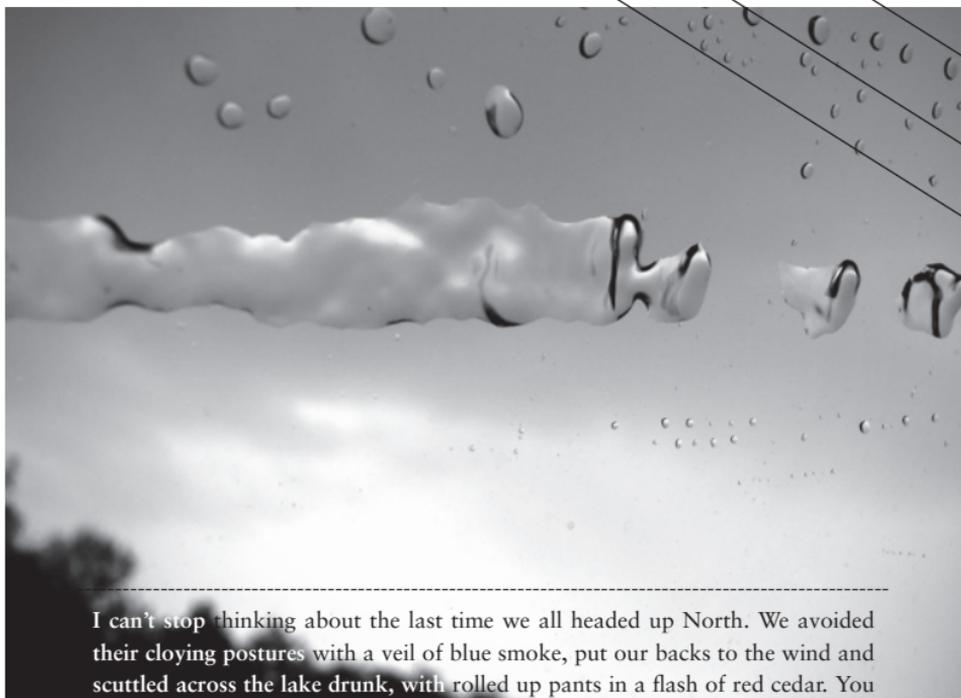
NOTHING TO NOTHING
TO FEAR LOSE
N O T H I N G
TO GAIN

IT U WILL BE done IT L WILL
IT N F O L D
IT WILL TRANSPIRE BECOME

Claim that drone and turn it into a

RIOT

IT WAS EASIER THAN EXPECTED TO GET INTO THE ROOM / AND GREETED US WITH A FRIENDLY FACE / WHITE POWDER / GUNPOWDER / SET THE ROOM ON FIRE



I can't stop thinking about the last time we all headed up North. We avoided their cloying postures with a veil of blue smoke, put our backs to the wind and scuttled across the lake drunk, with rolled up pants in a flash of red cedar. You said you'd come to bury her bloody car accident dress in the woods, but you lied (your lies are always art) and you brought it back, carried it a decade—until the continent slipped from under your feet. Tired of all the old gestures we just sank, far under the rest, sat on the silt, watching the sun ride the waves above.

THE LITANY OF REASONS
NOT TO DIE
IS ENOUGH TO TIP
THE UNIVERSE A LITTLE

TO SEND LIGHTNING CRACKS
BACK UP INTO THEIR
REFRACTED HEAVENS

pulling in the smoke
from jet planes flying over Mile End (*fireflies betwixt girders*)

I CAN FEEL YOU SHOUTING AT EACH OTHER :

**DO YOU
REMEMBER
WHERE
YOU WERE
WHAT WERE
YOU DOING**

//EDIT YESTERDAY

insert "bombshell" where call girl appears... insert "yacht" for bus... delete the passage where I'm paid to smile... and while you're at it....

//EDIT YESTERDAY

I would have said, drink in the brightness, she isn't lost to you yet.
I would have said we meant it, back when we ran through the streets and alleys, and I would say we mean it now, because we're still here and we ain't going anywhere,

*& every burning inch
is a victory for the
civilized teeth*

but

U COULD DO WITH TO REMEMBER DO YOU REMEMBER DON'T EVER FORGET THE AND DO YOU REMEMBER HIS
U 1 SORT OF HOW YOU WERE COULD YOU BE
I BE REMEMBER THAT DOING DO I CAN SPARE THE BURN
RE YOU COULD BEEN IN THE WINNING CL
ER DO WELL TO REMEMBER THE PROGRAM HERE YOU GO
WE REMEMBER WHAT REMEMBER
DING YOU REMEMBER THAT

//EDIT YESTERDAY

I'll go walk the dog at midnight—get back to watch genocide on late night tv
walk through midnight—into all the places we shouldn't be
midnight—when you'd think the industrial hum of the city would wane
midnight—with the apathy of recovering hipsters filling the streets
midnight—when truncheons bust down doors in Parc Ex, with moustache
cops reeling for an angry fix of blood and pow(d)er



*we are building
a door*

FOR YOU WERE AND NOW YOU ARE NOT OF COURSE WE DO WE EVEN CARE ANYMORE
WE DO WANT TO REMEMBER DO WE ANYMORE
WE FORGOT REMEMBER
WULD

A RE *Q*UIEM, A GILDED MIRROR AND SILENT APPLAUSE

So

I'll dedicate this page to;

the quality of light and meaning

material dissolution/isolation

dead planets

hüsker dü

talking to dogs

and the inevitable market collapse...



SILENCE SLIP OUT
OF SILENCE SLIP
OUT OF SILENCE
SLIP OUT OF
SILENCE SLIP OUT
OF SILENCE
SHAMELESSLY SLIP
OUT OF SILENCE

***honey,** isn't it time to drop this bomb?*

“
\$
”

*somebody pump some life into this
rotting corpse of an economy*

*you be seen in the running for your fair
share of*

*...NOTHING
...NADA*

*like chewing string for flavour
as water boils
mad scramble
for spoils*

is this all? ”

*my fingers trace the
outline of a smile that
connects only the ends
of myself*

NO END

ONLY

CRACKS

NO END

ONLY

DUST

NO END

ONLY

COMPROMISE

"NO, LISTEN, WHAT HAPPENED WAS THIS:
THEY LIED TO YOU, SOLD YOU IDEAS OF
GOOD & EVIL, GAVE YOU DISTRUST OF YOUR
BODY & MESMERIZED YOU WITH INATTENTION,
BORED YOU WITH CIVILIZATION & ALL ITS
USURIOUS EMOTIONS."

HAKIM BEY

AND THE CRACKS,
THE CRACKS IN THE STREET, IN THE SCREEN,
IN THE MYTH (

of
one
for cell phones ringing
one in the pockets
for of the dead
no
one

PANIC,

The slip of memory flares — burns
collected on the sides of ships and
men. Iron days pass in forgetting
and the allure of nostalgia for the



and they are starting to

IMPOSSIBLE AND UNFORGIVABLE &
THE CRACKS ARE HOPE. GREYBLUE
AND OPEN, LIKE SKIES TO GET LOST
IN & TURN THE EMPTY LOTS INTO

*gardens, the banks into homes, the
brokers into dirt, tune the cynics out of
the glazed screen, hear the sweet blues of
Babylon crumble. The starched collar*

*will cut the throat
of the leering and the greedy.*

pull out all the stops, embrace the danger
the risk, the deprivation,
the suffering
it's four minutes to midnight
the end of the day for the
old

ways

now
we
can
forge
a
new
architecture
of
dissent

now
we
will
slip out
from under
their money'd hands

torch the sky blue (*again*)
with our ragged manifestos
and
dark eye'd try's

aching towards hope

with plans of careful,
concrete motion
bound
to
our
hearts



MONTREAL, NOVEMBER 20, 2008

1:53 AM

when

I

give

myself

to

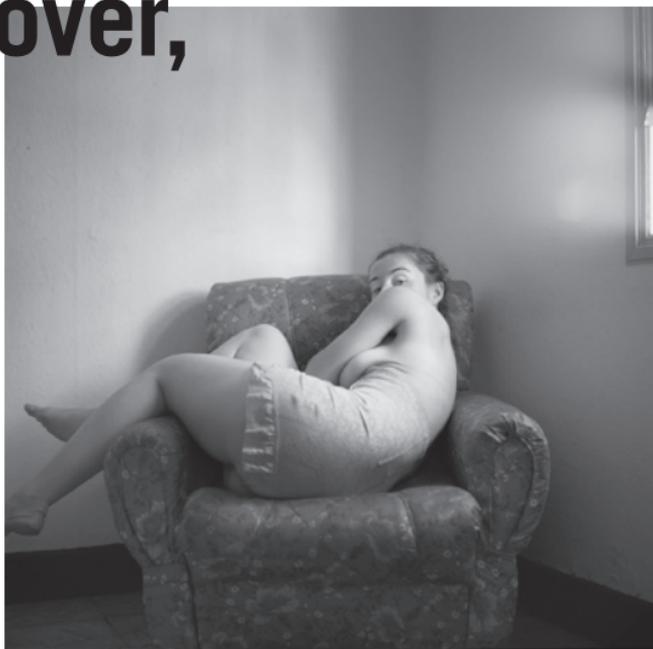
it



it will give itself to me

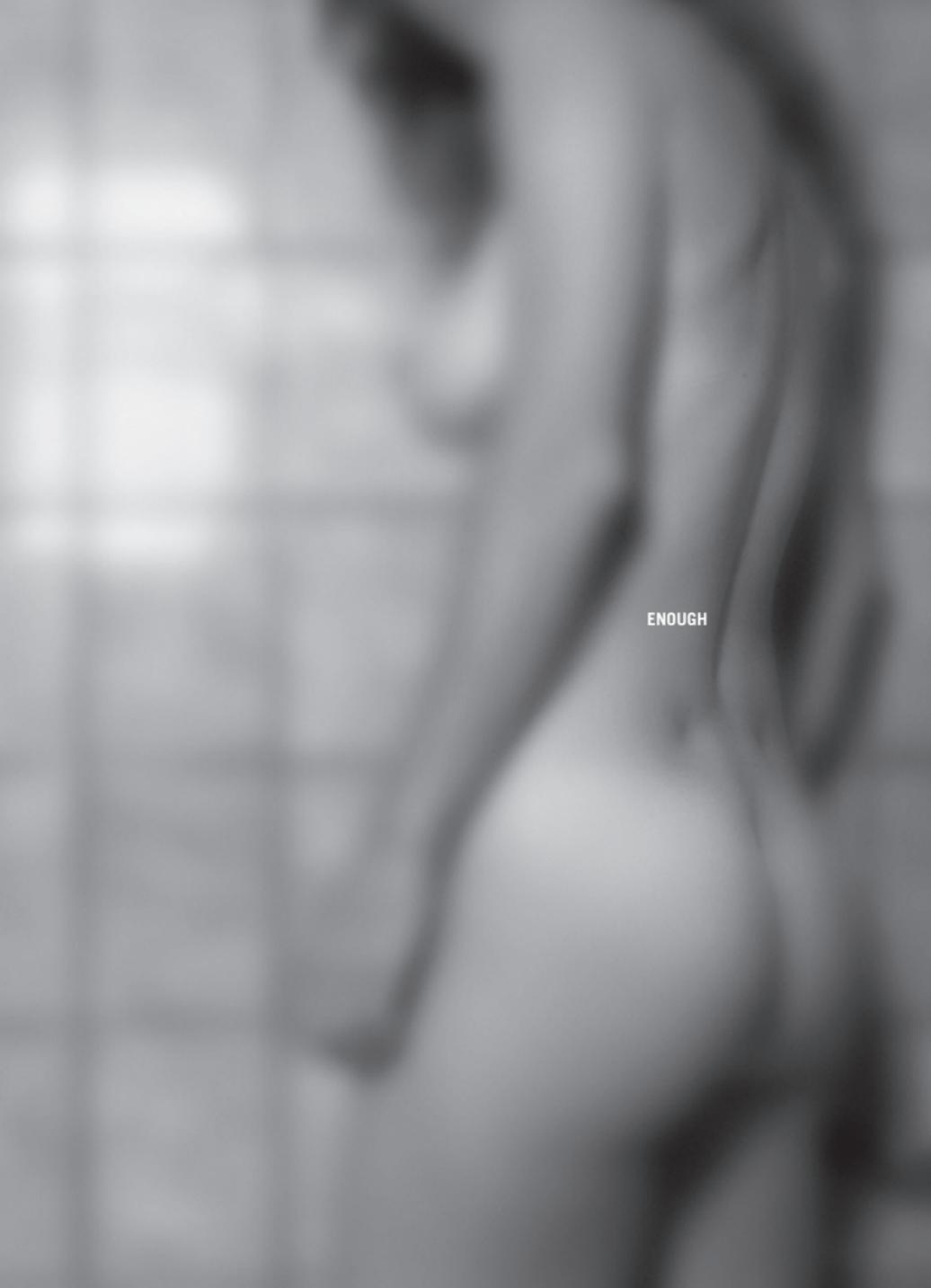


lover,



I get nervous and afraid
of phone calls and bricks

that leave you **widowed**

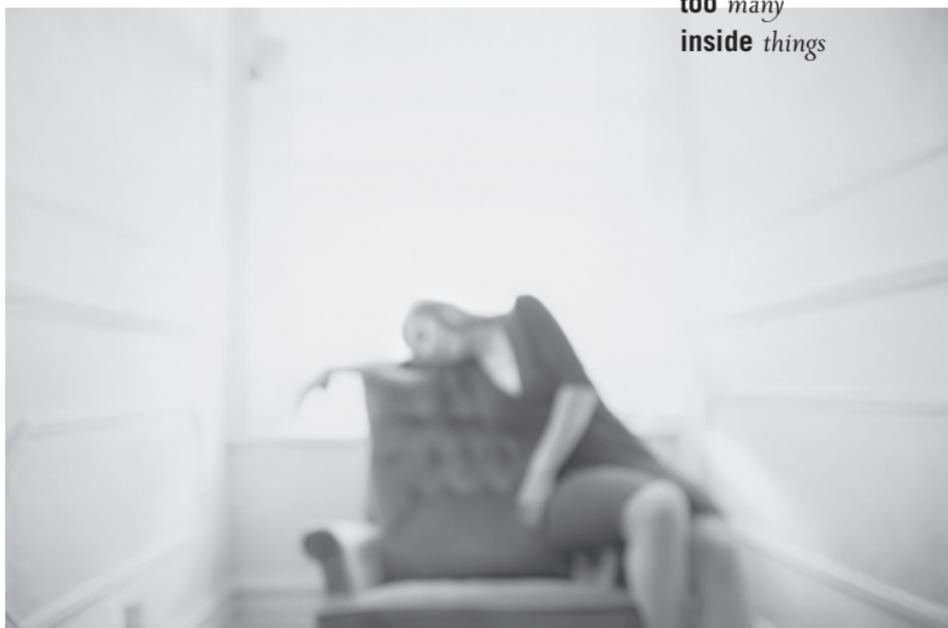


ENOUGH



ENOUGH *for a while*

lightning *struck*
too *many*
inside *things*

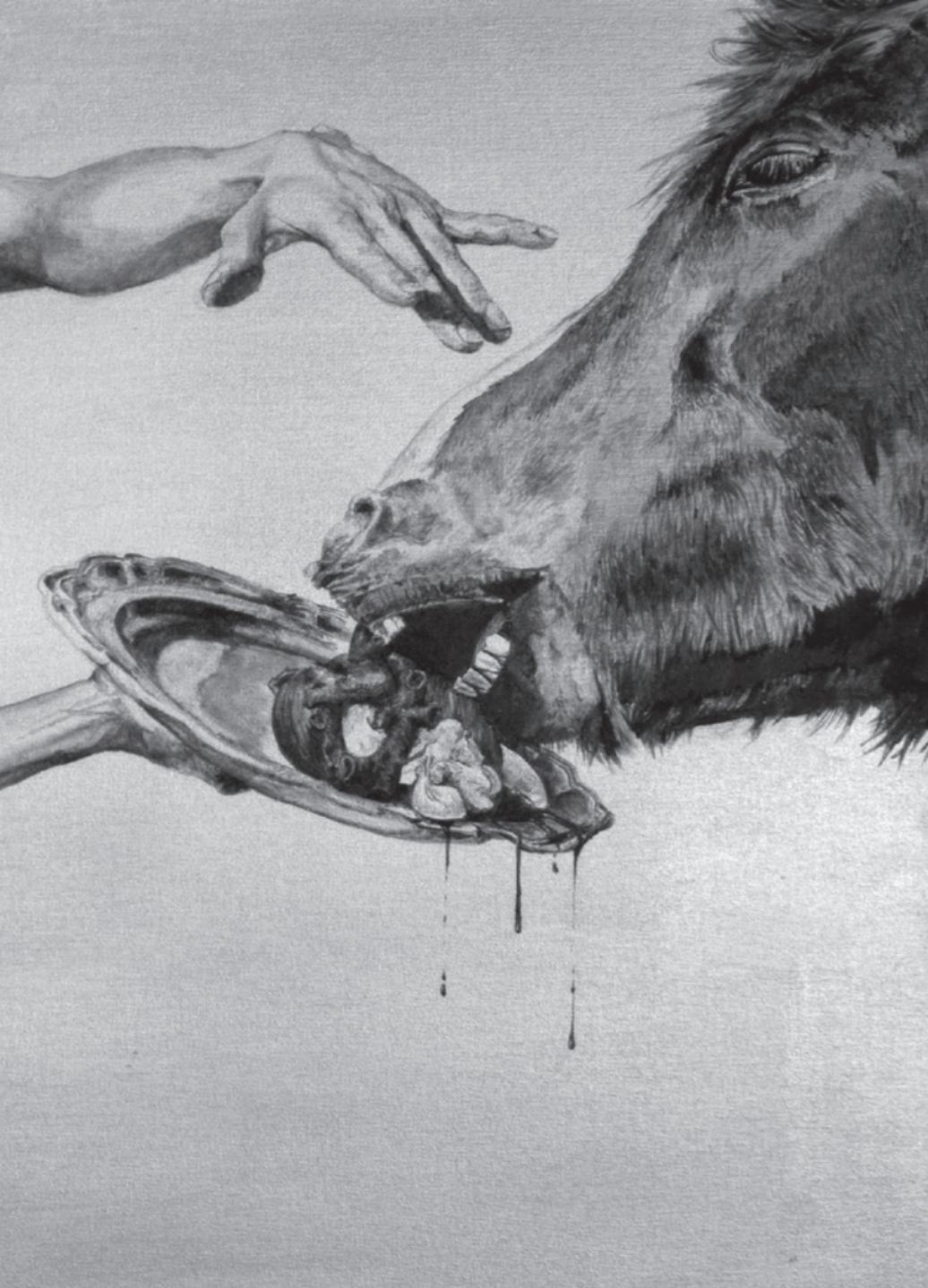




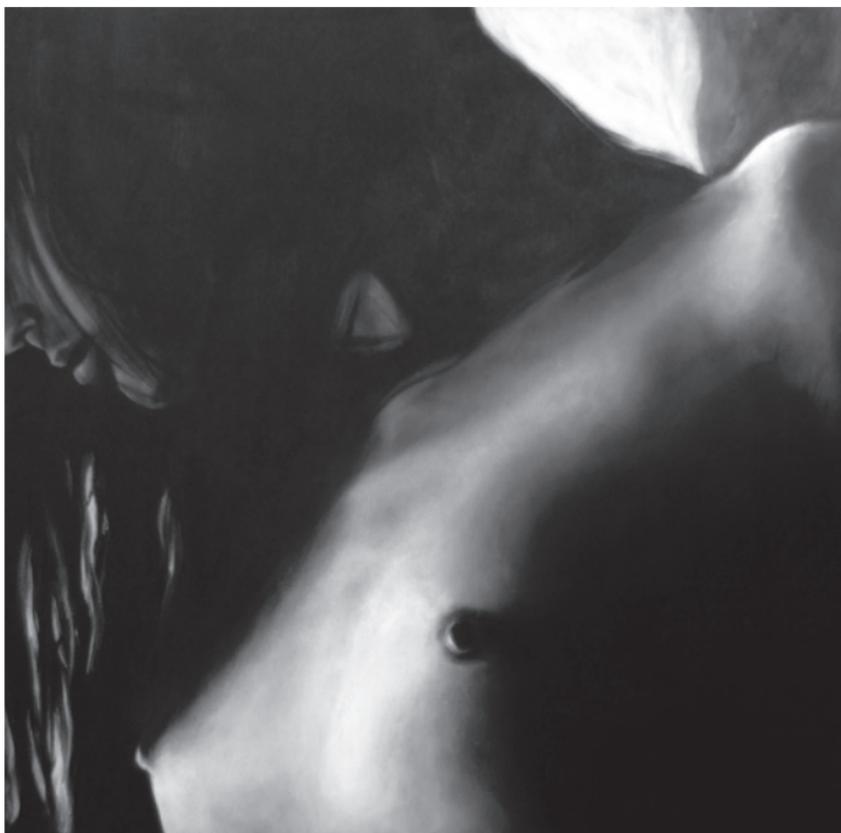


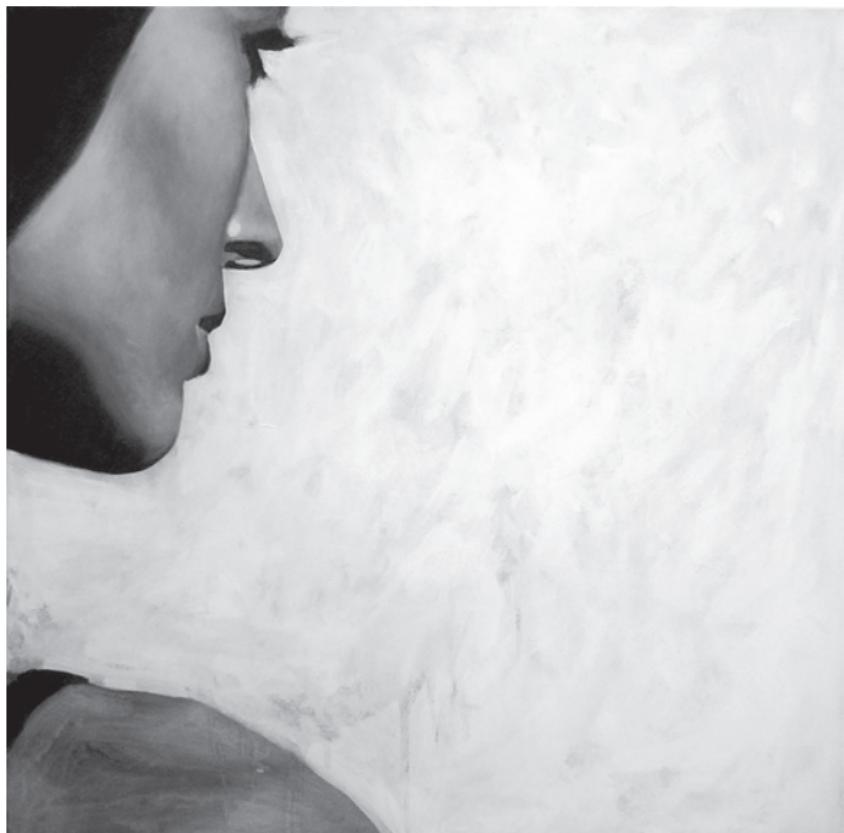


CAROLINE WEAVER











HILARY SCHAENFIELD

Black buckle boots at

1AM

ruining my life

with their kick ass charms

and a five alarm

heel

to the steel

of my will

Still —

I let them in

to tread on my

right to sleep

and my

dirt thin patience

becoming thinner

with the rift between my mind

and its content of mood

Dude—
you gotta know
that this is
wearing me down
these late night
drive by shootings
of
“our love” and
your desire
to just
see me
for one moment
before you
high tail it out
to the nearest
cab or sidewalk
winder to wander home
with...

Doubt by the light of day
that we'll ever
knock boots again
my friend
because y'see
you're, uh, polishing clean
through
your welcome
here.



CAROLINE WEAVER





POSTCARDS FROM HOME

Joshua Mensch

- I. I see them sometimes
ghosts of living friends
in pictures
like historical persons
their names
a piece of research
into my own
past slowly unforgotten

- II. ☞ so the sky ahead of me gets darker
the mottled clouds rushing
to close the smaller holes

patches of bare sky
vacuuming up the left-over light
as cuts in skin that can't wait to close

- III. yet how the stern architecture
across the way grows harder
before melting away like wax
its shadow's cut obscure
against the sky's darkening orbit

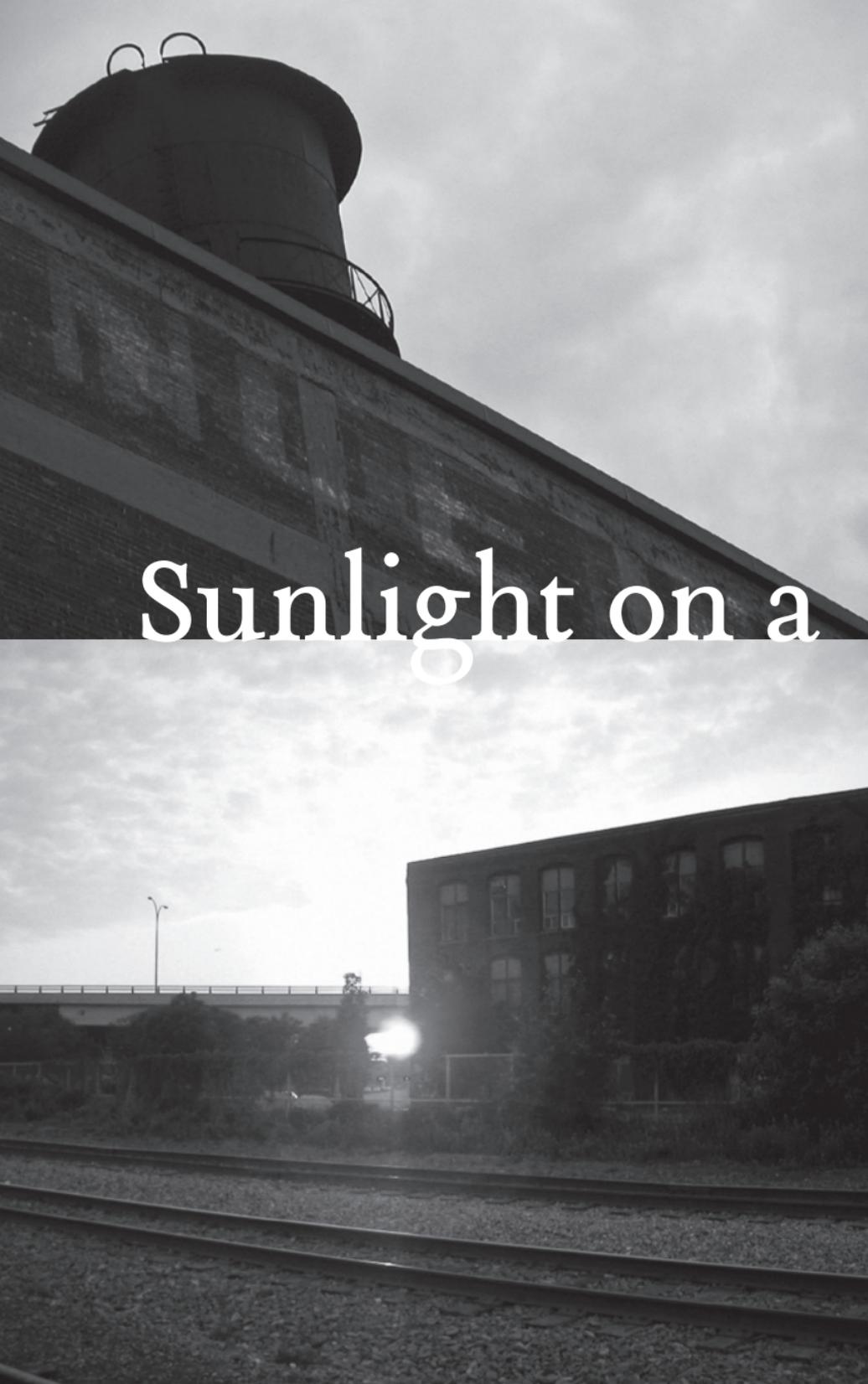
- IV. how nothing physical changes
but the perception of it,
the reader's mood—impatient
but unable to storm off—
as the eyes' will unwilling
from the page keep going—
the work gradually subsiding
☞ then like an illusion vanishes.

V. The snail I kept inside
for a week past summer
has died. A last strip of silk
across the washed
dinner plates,
last slow trail up
the side of the tank,
crisply dried.
What I thought at the time:
how the cold
would've gotten you,
how surely the frost
in its methodical stride
would have come.
Though what good
was the time I bought you
when the ivy proved
poisonous, on its leaf
your naked crumbling slime...

VI. Pavel and Lada in the front,
Pavel slowing, dropping gears
so we could see what had
happened—a small red car
with its trailer jacked
across the middle of the road.
Like a wagon circling.
In the half-circle a deer,
blood trickling out of its anus
as it struggled to stand
head braying back
as a dog unable to lick itself.

VII. Pavel got out and talked to the driver who was in shock, his door deeply dented and his side window completely smashed in. In Czech, the man said, “it wasn’t us who hit him,” and looking at the car that was clear. Suddenly everyone on their cell phones calling the police, trying to find a hunter, anyone with a gun. The dumb beast kicking out, dying, not even a rope to drag her off the road...

VII. I looked under the seat for a crow bar. As if I’d be strong enough to crack that skull, as if I’d have the heart to. I once half-killed a chicken with a hatchet and imagining the clean blow chopped the poor bird’s throat. The eyes, still seeing, went wild. My father’s friend said “here” and took the hatchet from me. I heard Pavel swear and looked up just as the broken deer was rising to its feet, hoofs clattering across the pavement then over the ditch and into the trees...



Sunlight on a

one *The Last Inch of Sleep*

Three AM

at the violet hour,
watching the light spent out
across the blue curtains.

I'm shifting the sands
and rolling next to her.*

In the violet hour—
this bleeding malcontent dwindles,
and the fortune tellers hawk TV utopias.

{ the cool silence broken
by the desert rattle of
her throat. I had finally figured
out how to love her, but
couldn't begin to understand
how to peel back the months
of droopy eye'd shrugging }

Broken Column

JOHN W. STUART

Are you awake?

The sparrows in the gutter are chattering

"I think we are in the rats' alley. †"

The silence weighs me down
and I press my lips to her ear

"this is where the dead men lost their bones."

{ we walked down here
once—bagels late at night
leaving a trail of white seeds
on black asphalt. That
passage long since washed
away by the winter snow. }

I sniff out the air for burnt ends
and pull out the Norton Anthology,
water logged third edition with
paranoid yellow pages.

This waxy screen echoes
the air raid siren 20 years ago ‡
& a lifetime served up on TV trays
with bent metal legs.

{ in Ottawa South 1984, with
Reagan era paranoia coursing
through veins—Dan and I
were freaking, not even on any
kind of drug, other than the
nervous certainty of 15 year
old anarchists with dreams
of revolution. We never found
out where it came from. }

one

The cracked spine
trips me into the kitchen,
and I exhaust my breath
over The Preludes.*

{ You tossed a blanket from the
bed. / You lay upon your back,
and waited; / You dozed, and
watched the night revealing /
The thousand sordid images. }

I'm moved by these images
that curl around me,
warm me as an
infinitely suffering thing.†
Rubbing my shoulders
before falling silent,
and the spine cracks.

{ all of life is suffering, then
you either wake, die, or sing.
Waking is temporary and
leads nowhere, death is too
predictable, so it's probably
best to sing. }

Writing

The words of seeds unplanted.
Drawing an exploded flower
raised on dust,
burnt out ends and
smoky days.

Writing

Here is a seed to worry — not grow.‡
To dry and crack on the sill,
to watch the sun and the rain.
Here is desire.

{ and here is another, and
another — which to pick, to
drop. Cycle through like a
traffic light, you're on, off,
on... next year's t-shirt is
today's hard earned waste. }

Here is his dry legacy.
Electric heat cracking the glue binding,
and these light toothless pages.

two *Cold Was The Earth*

On the way to early morning coffee*
a phone booth bears its pained metal groan
signaling misadventure ahead.

{ the chalk outlines where
I left my speech. Good
morning friends, I am
shuttering the eyelids w/
cloaks and double daggers. }

And in the room with crossed legs
another sister has been laid bare before
the blade.
Not so much dissected — as quartered for
easy service.

Albert †, who blew his life savings
on speed traps, leans across the table
hovering over her saying;
*“He sat there in London,
in a tiny room with just a typewriter,
just writing that book.”*

{ David, actually, who sat with
me and Julie at Dépanneur
one Sunday morning when
I thought I'd fallen in love
again. Months later she
dumped me and filed her nails
while I cried. }

*“what are you writing a screenplay...
a song?”*

*“I'm writing a litany for my cousin,
who left it all to sleep in the desert and wait
for rain. Now all that's left are her bones
smiling at the sun.”*

While two stand talking ‡—
watching and turning to and from
the room's mute faces — thinking,
“are cities like carbon?”

{ and they're always the same,
tho' with different faces — I
used to want to talk with them
but I cherish my anonymity
too much. }

Interspersed with business talk*
and tight declarative jeans.

*“I like the theme and the imagery is haunting,
but it seems too obscure, and
I just don’t have the time for this
sort of thing.”*

The conscience of these blackened streets
is so impatient to consume the world.
And the woman† in the next room
is still losing her mind.

{ they should take a moment for
Coleridge who woulda loved
Monterey Pop—after a few tabs
he’d dance around a survey
class and fall asleep in the
Fisher King’s arms. }

{ Montreal poet Ruth Taylor died
while this was in progress.
*Then, walk into your closest
dream / and do not think I have
not loved you / even with my
most crippled part.*
“The Hurricane Lamp” }

three *This Guitar Says Sorry*

*St. Swithin's day.**

At the violet hour, the evening hour
and the red stagelights trace
sweaty faces.†

We found each other and fell into it.
Tangled in the mermaid's limbs
burnt red from mercury's
shimmering toxic smile.

Your arms full, and your hair wet
I was neither
living nor dead.

You left my bed,
and beyond the stain of sweat
I remember nothing.
Only cigarette ends and
the tedium of summer nights.‡

Red smoke rises from the stage
as memory blows away
another pattern mapped out as desire.

{ *But I'm sorry to say I turned her
away. –Billy Bragg* }

{ after the Beatnigs blew the
audience to the far end of the
room with circular saws and
raw impassioned beats. }

{ and her old Mustang and the
leather jacket I borrowed.
It was our second attempt,
the first time was brief and
with little consummation.
The night of Billy Bragg she
dragged me into the bed
under the Dylan poster, and
I just wanted to ----. }

four *Sentences, Lost and Found*

At the violet hour when the eyes and
back turn upward from the desk.
What is the sound in the dry air around you?

You are now bleached paper and dust.*
A footnote and the required canon
They should be reading you in malls
on the yellow stools outside mmmMuffins,
in change rooms at the Gap,
at weddings and funerals.

{ I'd prefer you as a woman, like
Gertrude, a little less starched.
After all you were never a
"man's man" — never fought
a bison, swaggered into a pub,
or blew blue smoke from
cracked lips. }

In the morning your shadow rises to meet you where
there are no mountains only ski hills,
and vacant lot mourning under a veil of pills.† { and I'll choose the pills over
the hills this time & the next. }

And there is only silt.

Trapped in rigid spines
you even speak in full sentences.
My grammar is usurped by
late night entertainment,
and drawling missives over podcasts,
and oil pills.

Your poems as smooth as the Mississippi
or Hitsville UK.‡

Mine lay me bare standing awkward as
last year's denim wash.

{ It blows a hole in the radio /
When it hasn't sounded good all
week / A mike n' boom, in your
living room — in Hitsville UK /
No consumer trials, or A.O.R., in
Hitsville UK / Now the boys
and girls are not alone / Now
the Hitsville's hit UK
— Joe Strummer }

5^{ve} *Dreams of Seeds*

Here is my lapsed Anglican history;
the bone China I never use,
my proper name, and taste
for Devon cream, watercress,*
and the BBC.

{ with cream cheese and pepper
on some holy bread, eaten in
the countryside with Faizal
dressed Edwardian, spilling
metaphors into his lap. }

A crack before dawn
storyboarded on the backs of cigarette cartons
I wrote the words of seeds unplanted
next to a drawing of an exploding flower.

I set the lines and traps
in the cracks under the
sweat of rubber and smoke.

{ shut it well, John, and you'll
know the "terror of your
own whiteness," of your
smoothness & your talk of
hours will cease. }

I curl tight around the book†
& fall asleep.



resistance

You

us.
This is

either

ex

the

DURITO IN MEXICO CITY

THE DAY TO COME: THE LOOKING GLASS TO SEE FROM THE OTHER SIDE

Scratched on the other side, a mirror stops being a mirror and becomes a piece of glass. Mirrors are for seeing on this side, and glass is for seeing what's on the other side.

Mirrors are for scratching.

Glass is for shattering... and crossing to the other side...

From the mountains of the Mexican Southeast

SUBCOMANDANTE INSURGENTE MARCOS

P.S. that, image of the real and imaginary, seeks, among so many mirrors, a piece of glass to shatter.

DAWN. MEXICO CITY. Durito wanders through the streets bordering the Zócalo. With a tiny trench coat and a hat cocked like Humphrey Bogart in *Casablanca*, Durito tries to pass unnoticed. Neither his outfit nor his slow crawl are necessary, as Durito sticks to the shadows that escape from the bright store windows. Shadow of the shadows, silent walk, cocked hat, dragging trench coat. Durito walks through the Federal District dawn. No one notices him. They don't see him, and not because he is well disguised or because that little, tiny

Quixote dressed as a 50's detective is barely distinguishable from the mounds of garbage. Durito walks alongside papers dragged by someone's feet or by a gust of one of those unpredictable winds of the Mexico City dawn. No one sees Durito for the simple reason that, in this city, no one sees anyone.

"This city is sick," Durito writes to me. "It is sick of loneliness and fear. It is a great collection of lonelinesses. It is many cities, one for each inhabitant. It's not about a sum of anguish (do you know of any loneliness that isn't full of anguish?), but about a potentiality. The number of lonely people that surrounds it multiplies each experience of loneliness. It is as if the loneliness of each one were to enter one of those 'House of Mirrors' that you find at the local carnivals. Each loneliness is a mirror that reflects other loneliness, that like a mirror, repels loneliness."

Durito has begun to realize that he is in foreign territory, that the city is not his place. In his heart and in this dawn, Durito packs his bags. He takes this route as if it were an inventory, a last caress, like the one a lover gives when he knows it is farewell. At times, the number of people passing by diminishes while the ululation of the patrol car sirens increases, startling outsiders. And Durito is one of those outsiders, so he ducks into a corner each time the flashing red and blue lights pass through the street. Durito takes advantage of the complicity of a doorway in order to light his pipe with guerilla technique: barely a spark, a deep breath, and the smoke enveloping gaze and face. Durito stops. He looks and watches. In front of him, a store window is still lit. Durito looks at the large glass and what is offered behind it: mirrors of all shapes and sizes, porcelain and glass figurines, cut crystal, tiny music boxes. "There are no little talking boxes," Durito says to

himself without forgetting the long years spent in the jungle of the Mexican Southeast.

Durito has come to say goodbye to Mexico City and he has decided to give a gift to this city that everyone detests and no one abandons. A gift. This is Durito, a beetle of the Lacandona in the middle of Mexico City.

Durito says goodbye with a gift.

He makes an elegant magician's gesture. Everything stops, the lights go out just like candles do when a gentle wind licks their face. Another gesture, and a streetlight becomes a spotlight illuminating one of the music boxes in the store window. A ballerina with a fine lilac costume keeps a perpetual position with her hands intertwined above her, her legs together as she balances on point. Durito tries to imitate the position, but it doesn't take long for him to become entangled with all the arms he has. Another magical gesture and a piano the size of a pack of cigarettes appears. Durito sits in front of the piano and puts on it a mug of beer that he got who knows where, but it must have been a while ago because it's already half-empty. Durito cracks his knuckles and does some of those digital gymnastics like barroom piano players do in the movies. Durito turns toward the ballerina and nods his head. The ballerina comes to life and bows. Durito hums an unknown tune, begins to tap a beat with his little legs, closes his eyes and starts to sway. The first notes begin. Durito plays the piano with four hands. From the other side of the glass, the ballerina begins a turn and slowly raises her right leg. Durito leans over the keyboard and attacks with fury. The ballerina executes the best steps that the prison of the little music box will permit her. The city vanishes. There is nothing, only Durito at his piano

and the ballerina on her little music box. Durito plays and the ballerina dances. The city is surprised, its cheeks redden like when one receives an unexpected gift, a pleasant surprise, some good news. Durito gives the best of his gifts: an unbreakable and eternal mirror, a good-bye that doesn't hurt, that heals, that cleanses. The performance lasts only a few moments, the last notes fade off just as the cities that populate this city take shape. The ballerina returns to her uncomfortable immobility, Durito turns up the collar of the trench coat and takes a gentle bow towards the store window.

"Will you always be on the other side of the glass?" Durito asks her and wonders. "Will you always be on the other side of my here and will I always be on the other side of your there?"

"*Salud*, and until forever, my beloved troublemaker. Happiness is like a gift, it lasts as long as a flash and it's worth it."

Durito crosses the street, arranges his hat and continues to walk. Before turning the corner, he turns towards the store window. A star-shaped hole adorns the glass. Alarms are ringing uselessly. Behind the window the ballerina on the little music box is no longer there...

"This city is sick. When its illness becomes a crisis, it will be cured. This collective loneliness, multiplied by millions and realized, will end by finding itself and finding the reason for its impotence. Then, and only then, this city will lose the gray that it wears and will adorn itself with the brightly colored ribbons that are abundant in the countryside.

"This city lives a cruel game of mirrors, but the game of mirrors is useless and sterile if there is not a clear glass as a goal. It is enough to understand it, and as I-don't-know-who said, struggle and begin to be happy..."

“I’m coming back, prepare the tobacco and your insomnia.
There’s a lot to tell you, Sancho,” Durito ends the letter.

It’s morning. A few piano notes accompany the coming day
and Durito who is on the road. To the west, the sun is like a
rock shattering the clear glass of the morning...

Vale once again. *Salud*, and leave surrender for empty
mirrors.

El Sup, getting up from the piano and looking, confused by so
many mirrors, for the exit... or the entrance?

eying tomorrow



LOVE · LETTER

after

THE · BROKEN · GLASS

KEVIN YUEN-KIT LO

*To my one.
Beautiful and Strong.*

MY LOVE, TONIGHT I AM TIRED. These times, as they often are, have been trying. It seems that the last year has contained months without rest, sleep without dreams, and work upon work, and still tonight, I gladly push into this late hour to declare that I love you. I love you, while sitting alone in this faux-café, surrounded by fresh-faced students debating the impasse of pacifism. I love you, as I watch a Montréal winter settle outside and bless all the difficult decisions we've made. They will keep us comfortable and warm for yet another long season.

I've said before that I believe love to be action, and with that thought we fled across the Atlantic for a short while, fell into foreign tongues, sighed at beautiful new vistas and met with the kindred spirits of Apihova 24, Metelkova and the Nucleo house. The distance allowed for perspective to shift and I began to see things anew, "we're *all* in this together, but especially me and you." We toasted the market collapse with red wine and pelinkovec and continued on our way...

Upon returning though, the grind hit harder than usual, and it didn't take long to scrub those memories with all the filed hours, missed meals and bills to pay.

So, one sad night, in a moment of absurd, impassioned anger, I shattered your grandmother's glass upon the floor. A million shards of glass splashed out refracting the old frustration, pain and despair. As I cleaned up the mess, you sat on the couch, visibly upset but unfazed. Your walls, as always, were far stronger than mine. I swore through my cut palms, and felt the end of things in the pit of my stomach. Each piece of glass picked up and pulled from skin became another memory I was willing to throw away. A night, a morning, a soft kiss or a lingering hug.

I struggled painfully through the next day, thankful for the distraction of work. When I got back in the evening, unsure of anything and everything between us, I fearfully asked, "are we OK?" Laying a kiss upon my cheek, you quickly dispersed my doubts and without even realising it opened me up to a deep wisdom.

In the most casual of voices, you explained how the line between love and hate can be tenuously thin, and the important thing is to honestly negotiate that precarious balance. You explained how you were actually glad for my act of violence, for the fact that we can still grate at each other, for the conflict, because it means that we still give a damn. It proves that we still care.

We still care, and in an uncaring world, this gives me hope and strength beyond measure. As long as we care, as long as we don't give in to passive resignation, anything is possible, worlds within worlds can be born.

I'm tired babe, and I can't wait to come home to you.

I'm tired and I can't wait for tomorrow.

To our tomorrow...

I love you.

ILINCA BALABAN



YOU ARE THE MOST BEAUTIFUL
WOMAN I HAVE **EVER** SEEN.



I WISH I'D HAD THE FUCKIN'
NERVE TO ACTUALLY DO
THAT!



INSTEAD, I THINK
ABOUT HER EVERY
DAY, AND WHAT
COULD HAVE BEEN IF
I'D WALKED ACROSS
THE CAFE THAT DAY.



IT'S BEEN SEVEN
MONTHS SINCE
I'VE SEEN HER. I
FEEL LIKE SHE'S
LEFT THE CITY...



IS IT **FUCKED**
THAT I'M IN
LOVE WITH
SOMEONE I'VE
NEVER MET?



YOU KNOW ME MAN -- I'M
ABOUT AS **RATIONAL** AND
LOGICAL AS YOU GET...



BUT I LOVE THE IDEA OF
DESTINY -- **ESPECIALLY**
WHEN IT'S ABOUT A GIRL!



DESTINY — THAT'S IT! THE FEW TIMES I SAW HER I NEVER MADE A MOVE CUZ I THOUGHT THERE'D COME A TIME...



LIKE WE ARE SUPPOSED TO MEET. AND, IF SHE IS AS COOL AS SHE LOOKS...



.. (AND DOESN'T BELIEVE THE WORLD IS CONTROLLED BY ANGELS)...



I'D ACTUALLY -- MARRY HER!



WHOA -- THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE YOU, MAN.



I KNOW! THAT'S WHY I'M ASKING YOU IF THIS IS FUCKED?!



cahite





four minutes



to midnight

BILLY MAVREAS



issue ten

FOUR MINUTES TO MIDNIGHT ISSUE TEN

conceived and composed by
John W. Stuart and Kevin Yuen-Kit Lo

CONTRIBUTORS

Hoda Adra	Tony de Marco
Dima Adra	Billy Mavreas
Caroline Aquin	Maria Mavrig
Ilinca Balaban	Joshua Mensch
Emily Kai Bock	Debbie Millman
Simon Carrasco	F.A. Nettelbeck
Marilyn de Castro	Omen
Kyla Chevrier	Catherine Rizzetto
Grant Collins	Christopher David Ryan
Ian Finch	Valerie Sanguin
Jesse Ferguson	Hilary Schaenfield
Jason Gillingham	Clare Sheldon-Williams
Sacha Guney	Louis Sobol
Alexandra Hall	Vincent Tinguely
Erica Ruth Kelly	Visualingual (Maya Drozd & Michael Stout)
JP King	Caroline Weaver
Dita Kubin	Colin White
Kevin Ledo	

FUGUE 10 stole words from Vincent Tinguely, F.A. Nettelbeck, Greg Tyce, Racine (Yan Basque), Ian Finch, Maria Mavrig, Joel Shane, Catherine Rizzetto, Shawnda Wilson, Kajin Goh, Erica Ruth Kelly, Tao, Porcelain Forehead, Raoul Vaneigem and Hakim Bey.

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De quoi t'occupes tu exactement?

De la reification

Je vois, c'est un travail très sérieux, avec de gros livres et beaucoup de papiers sur un grand table

Non, je me promène. Principalement, je me promène



goodbye my drone