



THE KOOTENAY SCHOOL of WRITING ANTHOLOGY

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and Michael Barnholden

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and Michael Barnholden.

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JUDY RADUL

Of course I didn't know about it before I heard about it so  
in that way I did start it

KSW

## Kisses So Wet

When I started the Kootenay School or Writing everybody  
told me we'd be bankrupt within a week. Never enough toilet  
paper, or a way to keep the door shut.  
solos/duets/choruses/panel discussions

And Dan Farrell loaded me his l=a=n=g=u=a=g=e  
You still have it. I                      where that was.

Someone else who did not start it  
Or attend many meetings  
but who took a fence  
and wondered if weather  
was right  
or underhanded  
had housedresses  
and wore them convincingly  
like a house sapphire  
had a wringer washer  
risking fingers  
to pressure out  
and popped

her dirty colloquialisms  
for all to bear  
feeding the laundry through rollers (ringers), turning it back  
into clothing. The excess water fell to a pan on the floor and  
guests were surprised to remember their mothers  
not that long ago  
what funny pleasure to get from harder bother  
the outdated machine of involvement  
processing the materials  
dry dirty – wet clean – damp flat

And Dee would say its not up to any body, certainly not Kisses  
So Wet, being only the sum of its individual's fictions to grant  
me credit

But that's not what I thought I meant by surprised that they  
noticed me but unto another rather neither might not other-  
wise would I have found such an idea

Somehow silver services stand in for relations and arrows for  
language and lips for communication and handshakes for love  
and melted butter for acceptance and over-stuffed pillows for  
understanding and big asses for empathy and footprints for  
interest and eyebrows for involvement and timeframes for  
closeness and inseams for intimacy and zippers for unity and  
eggs for togetherness and branches for all the aching

Our band was called Kisses So Wet and everyone including us  
thought that was a stupid name. But it had an appalling neu-  
trality that suited our disagreeability. We didn't create music  
but misery. As neither were necessary and misery was cheaper

we chose that. Our first practices were carried out above the old General Testing Laboratories office. She was our leader and couldn't care less but we knew with so much misery in the world there would be a lot of competition. And though her father owned the station we had to bribe petty officials to get venues to hold our misery loves company nights. Misery was increased by random killings, surprise chemical spills, false emotions and copy-cat crime. But people complained, whined, droned, "I could do that" the implication being that their ability disqualified our activity as art. Still, we weren't really, authentically, miserable. Our magazine "in praise of wounds that never heal" became a hit with pre-teens. We tried to get indignant, feel misunderstood, used, abandoned, but actually we understood.

We didn't play any instruments so we couldn't get good at them. We showed slides and films and amplified the sounds of different bodily functions.

Now our ideas from that time return like carriages drawn & coiffeured a way and a reason and often seeing a wrong done in the implausible shadow of the really big guns. Ironsides so steep miners went down on donkeys, but who would come to their resort. Still singing through the indented hedges or justified boulders or left aligned footlongs were all the tones and turns of passage encountered, meaning much new territory in the air. Just button and drink and vomit and redden and thin and purse and mistake and decide and steady and it was simpler then and leave unintentionally.

vacuuming

A way through signifiers sanctifiers and scatologues  
and even after dinner  
Which I could never muster not dinner but anything after  
she reads

And, like a community if only we wanted to be together and  
like a family I've got to go; I'm in past curfew again

When the old heroes and mentors started dying off the not so  
younger generation got nervous and started taking positions.  
They worried, what will we bring? The last thought, luck. Said,  
he brought modernism. Brought modernism to Vancouver.  
What forward can we bring to the backward? What zest for  
life? But then is acceptance a virtue or just a refusal to take a  
stand.

No one warned her that he was insane because those who  
knew thought it was evident and those that didn't, couldn't

Everything she says doesn't go without saying away

Something in her gets annoyed at his sound poem. Like a burr  
under the saddle his fits don't sit right. Like a car alarm no one  
cares about he goes off again  
to warm off breached perimeters.

When I started the Kootenay School of Writing  
I thought I was right  
When I started the Kootenay School of Writing  
I thought I was alone  
When I started the Kootenay School of Writing  
I thought we were together  
that day  
that meeting  
the moment when

the time passed the desire lurched forward absolutely South  
Eastern Inquiry Through Waving at the Moment Memory  
Opens the Nonurban Academy as Speech

it was in the evening going up the stairs someone had told me  
about it and I set off the Broadway Room from That One or  
Thing Which Is Inscribing

it was in the evening going up the stairs someone had told me  
about and I set off the Stan Douglas Artist's Talk and Laiwan's  
Flowers Institute of Surround

it was in the evening going up the stairs someone had told me  
about and I walked into The Room Which Was Too Full had  
any classes been offered by this time later comes We Compos-  
ing Thinking

it was in the evening going up the stairs someone had told me  
about and I saw through the doorway Stan bent over a slide  
projector Every One Was Facing Forward Senior Secondary  
Which Has as its Purpose Inscription

it was in the evening going up the stairs someone had told me about and It Was Hard To Concentrate Because of the Crowd/Place Where Some are In Charge of Giving to Others a part of What's Now Often Done With Computers

It was later me again up three flights of stairs with urine at the bottom that I'd been up before when the now Ping Pong Club had served as a location for gigs and seen D.O.A. and wondered about emergency exits door at the north end of the corridor Been There many Times Not the Building But the Idea landmark from which Often Starts In Adolescence as a Diary

*for Deanna Ferguson, July 1994*