



THE KOOTENAY SCHOOL of WRITING ANTHOLOGY

Edited by Andrew Klobucar
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 of 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

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the outdated machine of involvement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 scatalogues
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