

exits and entrances to rushdie's sentences

The following is poet Fred Wah's response to the death sentence currently threatening novelist Salmon Rushdie because of his controversial book, *The Satanic Verses*. Fred Wah is one of Western Canada's most recognized poets and literary critics.

By FRED WAH

ONE. What if the phemic blasted page so what was once transparent appeared an eye-spot burning paper you know with the sun and a magnifying glass erasing words instead of antheming another spiritual mirage imaged fate as predictable as a butterfly's flight plan.

TWO. A scent of the fall sheer memory snow smells meltdown this Everest morph more aperiodic than withershins and less likely resentment unioned by belief as a series of words than in the middle of juncture not standing like dawn hammers over the Himalayas but a flap-and-squawk v-line of geese.

THREE. If you could acquire a migrant invisibility in exchange for, say, sixty seconds, and that minute earth's contents recover moulting capability as well as faded anger with the presto amoebian verses then walking forever instead of getting it back for nothing might turn the whiteout to remuda and you'd at least have hooves for tracks.

FOUR. Paratasein choice cut pickled and un knowing gravel to be one of the conditions of such motion slipp/ed from the pleasing though numbing eutaxia-tattooed sameness instead of.

FIVE. Is this an attempt to crack spin or a catalytic sugar made up to cotton the sweet uses of adversity with story's "then" planted in those spaces instead of poetry's timed gaze pivoted

on possibility as opposed to prose's loss and what is measure pointing at if not the quaquaversal heat mountained up and spooned as dancing.

SIX. The sign of the turn plowed back into place as this world wheel scoops out preaction in a twinkle circumcizes heart such typhoon has no seersucker no milk no sugar.

SEVEN. If this renovation of memory turns out to be derimage and we have to steer for the new world yet again in an elenxis of substitution then what now when the serial is only cinema and lists are needed before any action other than fishing which is best when it just is and not for anything.

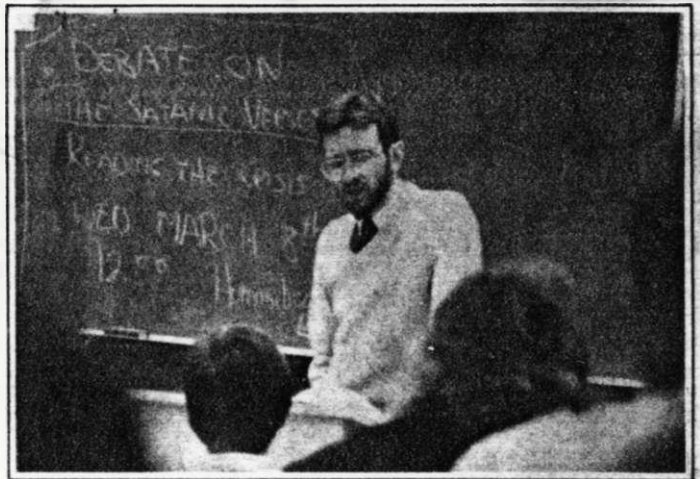
EIGHT. Authority without text an illusion to master the distant and dissolving perimeter without search or government escaped containerism offers the tyranny of hot stuff contraband and never conquered without the fix or need for dromenon without the hook.

NINE. What drew river to share earth neither overtaking word was old scratch upon the world root radical that makes us taste like licorice unless you're white try ginger.

TEN. One reason why decimal was spotted on both sides of the centum/satam line was like the falling angel concurrently sighted with the same combination or polarity of surrender to the hieros except for the bird clouds interception of those tattooed letters rising from the city and maybe even this kind of patching of the rag.

ELEVEN. So there's this straight line to the question of hunger no way around the correct posturing of rule or guide me o righteousness not to answer but middle voice clot plugged with love-stutter simply wide need.

TWELVE. At first anguish squeezed



Writer Rick Bowers continued the reading of Salmon Rushdie's *The Satanic Verses* at the U. of A. last month. Members of the literary community took turns reading from 7 a.m. to 11 p.m. Photo by Bernadette Giblin.

news out of a hostile terminology for red yellow black and brown but pretty soon languages become mouths of painful non-tint jargon poking into the dream and then all of a sudden with snare-drum crackling that heave of gut and protest untumbles the lock and kapow!

THIRTEEN. Sans souci the tongue hunts description until each morpheme gains kinaesthesia and then sharp motion pictures the memorable rousing as smoke or at least poked colour when smoked red.

FOURTEEN. Scope out the paragraphs ahead and see if the divine isn't inhabited by some once-upon-a-time intention negotiable by a *shh shh* creeping up on curiosity as a kind of

campground lure or kick the can espionage chance-cast into the emic abacus crying alley alley home free or any other text-spect (in-spect, re-spect, ex-pect).

FIFTEEN. After a while opinion becomes fierce burning and no longer dream has itself straight on how far from the cedar home is nor could nothing come in pieces even though tainted such dexterity in the world tree's branches takes hold and all you can do is shake violently these little boxes for books.

SIXTEEN. At least precious peace and the Friday sapphire are still pupa'd into the sanctuary of message where anima equals the last bark of joy.

THE EDMONTON BULLET

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The Edmonton Bullet is published monthly by Fifth Street Publishing Ltd., a non-profit company working in the interest of Edmonton's creative community.

Second Class Registration No. 5943
618, 10136 100 Street,
Edmonton, T5J 0P1

Phone: 423-7735 (editorial and enquiries), 426-7170 (advertising)

Deadlines for May:
April 10 (editorial)
April 15 (advertising, classified and LiveWire).

The Edmonton Bullet gratefully acknowledges the financial assistance of The Alberta Foundation for the Literary Arts, Alberta Culture and Multiculturalism, Alberta Career Development and Employment, Canada Job Strategy and The City of Edmonton.

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