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WINTER 1988

edge

a literary forum for Japan

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edge

Editor: Richard Evanoff

Poetry Editor: Sherry Reniker

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EDGE, 1933-8 Hazama-cho, Hachioji-shi, Tokyo 193 Japan
Phone: 0426-66-3481

Judy Katz-Levine

3 Kappas

A kappa is a being found in Japanese legends, a malicious spirit living in the rivers.

Kappa 1

He's behind you, turtle-like, crawling. His webbed hand, passing through your blood, leaves a riddle. He disappears like a mosquito bite.

Kappa 2

One day you wake up. I mean really wake up. Your eyes are moons on an ice-cold day. You are thirsty, your octopus thoughts grapple for a mirror. Your memories touch upon damp walls, send out high-pitched noises. Like a footprint you sink deeper—a human being stumbles into you.

Kappa 3

Just as you are going to sleep, I come into your room. And put seawater into your shoes. And put two fossils on your eyelids. And put a tadpole on your little girl's belly. I like it, this water above a nightmare, below a thought. I suck the egg of your fears dry; I curl up inside.



Illustration by Echiko Evanoff

Step After Step

He touched. Skin. He touched. Wall, he touched.
Long hair near his face. He hit himself, strong
hands came, grasping his. Someone, a warm
one, larger, smelling familiar. He leaned against.
His face changed, smiling, he couldn't name.
But others saw a smile. Leaping up and down,
laughing,
burst of vibration from his throat. Existence: was
one step in front of another, the arms curled
within. Soundless, all was texture.
Wall, feet, sleep, wetness
from lips, sweet taste, sweet wind, soft feel, dough feel,
he took his clothes off, his shoes. They would
come for him. His socks off. They would come to tell.
He would turn up his face inside. They would come
touching.
Take off his shirt, and they came. He would go to the
wall,
knock knock knock the hardness, the cruelty.
Step after step, all the steps stolen.
Knock knock knock, his head
against the hard wall. They would come
touching and touching, his hunched shoulders.

The poem, "3 Kappas," was first published in *Open Places*; "Step After Step" is from her book, *Speaking with Deaf-Blind Children*. In addition to four chapbooks, Judy Katz-Levine's work has appeared in numerous national, international, and small press magazines. A book of her collected poems is forthcoming from SARU PRESS.



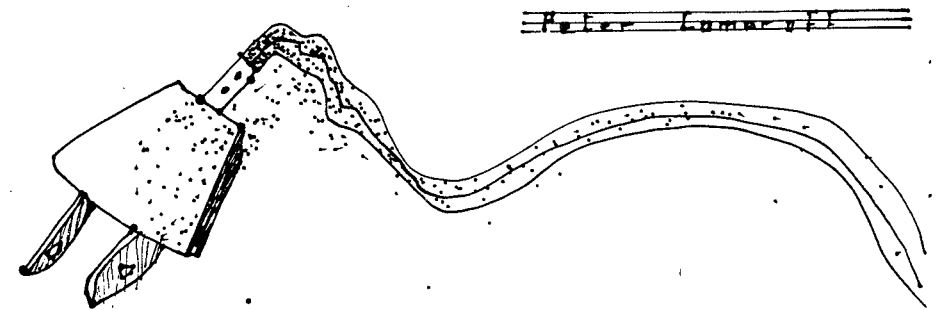
Fil Lewitt

Woo We: A Balancing Act: Equinox Doublesonnet

Spring rain and the skylark's mad cascade again,
scattering lunatic melodies down to earth
from somewhere up in a fleeting overcast
this background music, mountain looms, recedes,
the splattering rhythm of rain on lake,
concentric circles intersecting slowly
spread like wings: so flocks of ducks arise
& wild geese vanish, disappear like wind,
now loons and coots and long-leg herons remain,
old reeds around the lake are tall and dry,
soon warm rain feeds the new roots
hidden in mud, not yet visible, but
the buds of little willows begin to swell,
and turning, turning, Spring arrives in time.

Ah, this dream within a dream within
a dream, it seems so real, so real:
the wheeling seabirds' calls across the marsh,
the sparrows' dart & flicker in stiff reeds,
the herons' silent glide and loons' swift dive,
the elegant pose of pines, their branches' gestures,
mountains sliding in & out of mist
and sheets of slanting rain like dancers' hands,
all dancing each the other into Spring
the awkward, gay, entrancing, sly transformer;
motion: the beat of wings & rain & tender spikes of grass,
and stillness: chrysalis fastened to a twig;
a momentary hush that breathes, then breath that pants,
and whirls the great illusion to rebirth.

Fil Lewitt was born in the U.S. in 1941 and has published books, essays, and poetry in America and Japan, where he's been teaching for the last dozen years at Tottori National University. Before obtaining his doctorate in the U.S., he was a professional builder, cook, musician, gardener, and Zen Buddhist monk.



Maplewood is a Close-in Suburb

you start to smell gas everywhere.
 see a gas co. truck parked up the street one day
 and get convinced that they're trying to
 gas your whole neighborhood, slowly, and
 someone's trying to signal you by honking
 whenever you go by, all up and down the street
 the horns blare out in the spring air, the air
 so thick now it's hard to breathe, and even
 in the car you listen to the radio and every
 word is a holy message, someone connected
 your receiver to something big. you think
 they're following you, people talking on the
 street are pointing to you, gesturing
 at you, trying to warn you about
 evil things, and then when
 the car with your initials on its license
 plate pulls in front of you, you think you're
 supposed to follow, so you do

near Chino

autumn dawn

a gallery of statues
in the birch wood

gazing at
the waterfall

a twig snaps

Sherry Reniker admits to having been involved with the River Styx Poets of St. Louis in the early '70's. She also takes responsibility for having edited UNDERCOVERS for the Poetry Guild of Kalamazoo and LABYRIS for the Women's Media Collective at Michigan State. She's been known to associate with Castro, Wakoski, Bly, and Kondo Tadashi & Kris. These poems were selected for publication, incidently, before she signed on as Poetry Editor for EDGE.

Currents

by Jeffrey Klausman

Dale sat quietly in his truck. Across the shallow inlet, on the hills above the river, the houses of Astoria burned in the sun, the color of roofs and siding being washed out in glare. Over a tanker making its way slowly upstream, a few gulls circled and dived, flat against the white sky. Dale looked, but from this distance he couldn't tell if there was a cook out on deck tossing scraps or if the birds were simply hovering because there were no other ships. The day was hot, clear; the water colorless, reflecting the grayish white sky over the hills. The tanker's prow brushed through the swells pushed up by the tide, and slowly made its way under the bridge.

From the shadow of the supermarket, Mavis pushed a grocery cart. Dale jumped from the truck, rolled the cart around to the passenger's side and loaded the groceries in, before returning the cart to the cool of the store.

"I suppose it could be worse," he said, climbing in the truck.

"Of course," said Mavis. "It all depends how you look at it."

She was counting the money left over.

"Did you call them?"

"Yes," Dale said. "From the booth." He sat with his hands hanging over the wheel.

"Well good," Mavis said, and rummaged around in her purse a moment longer. Then she closed it and raised her eyes to the glare off the hood.

"Where is that going?"

"The tanker? Not stopping in Astoria," Dale said. "Probably to Longview or up to Kelso."

Mavis looked around at the air over the water.

"Nice day," she said.

"Plenty warm," Dale agreed. He glanced over at her, her graying hair cut short around the ears and the slightly leathery skin of her neck. He noticed how smoothly the silver of her earrings lay against the tan of her skin.

"You start in the morning?" Mavis asked.

"Yes," Dale said, and had to laugh. "Newspapers." He smiled and shook his head. "Same job I had fifty years ago." He looked over again at

Mavis. "It all comes around again."

"That was a different town though," she said. "And before I knew you."

"I had to use my brother's skis once," Dale added. "It snowed a lot in that town."

"It's not so bad," she said. "Is it?"

"It could be worse."

Dale started the engine of the truck. He backed slowly from the curb, watched the supermarket sweep across the mirror, the booth where he had called from, then slipped the lever to drive. He idled the truck across the lot.

"Just look at it from a different point of view," Mavis said, looking out her window.

"Like what?" said Dale.

"As something you want to do, not have to."

Dale stopped the truck at the edge of the highway; cars rolled by on the hot pavement followed by a solitary log truck, its gates empty and the rigging pulled atop the cab.

"I don't think that's right," Dale said.

"Then what is?" Mavis said. "Tell me that."

Dale glanced at her, then pulled the truck into the traffic.

On the highway, he drove with one hand on the wheel and let the other hang out the window. Now and then he raised his hand to form a cup, letting the wind push it back. The aerial whistled through the wind as the sun flashed through gaps in the trees lining the highway. He pulled the truck off the road and onto the gravel drive that led steeply to the lake where he and Mavis lived. He stopped while Mavis got out to check the mail. Below was their lot and their trailer home, positioned beside a hill to one end.

The trailer home was pink and white aluminum, with a green-striped awning over the patio in the front, and a fiberglass-roofed carport built to one side. Before it, now nearly hidden by a growth of crabgrass and morning glory, was the cement foundation outlining the small house they had begun over a year earlier. In one corner of the lot, beneath a bent sea pine, was a stack of graying lumber under a plastic tarpaulin held down with brick; blackberry vines tenuously climbed the plastic.

Mavis returned with a handful of flyers and bills. She leafed through the mail as Dale rolled the truck down the drive and under the carport.

"On second thought," Dale said brightly, backing the truck from the greenish light and into the sun, "I think I'll wash the old girl."

He helped Mavis carry the groceries in, setting them on the counter. He took off his shirt and opened a beer, running his hand over his chest and belly, the hairs there white and fine. Mavis was putting the groceries away in cupboards and on shelves. Dale watched her, and then smiled gently.

"I'm sorry honey," Dale said, at last.

"Dale. I'm not complaining."

"I thought it'd be different," he said. "We had it figured, remember?"

"If you want," she said over her shoulder, "I'll go with you in the morning."

"No," Dale said, and drank from his beer. He shook his head. "You stay in bed; it's too early."

"Lunch will be ready in a little while."

"All right," he said.

He took his beer outside and walked around the trailer, examining the windows and gutters for cracks or leaks. With his hand he brushed away a spider's web and, drinking from his beer, worked his way around. In the front, the foundation he and Mavis had poured themselves was crumbling. He put a foot up on the concrete and squinted into the sun on the lake. The wind was strong on his face and blew at his hair and past his ears. Ducks ployed the water and some kids at the trailer lot on the other side of the lake dove from pilings like fishing weights into the green depths; they came to the surface, their hair shiny and black. The wind brought sea air and the sound of the surf over the hills from the beach to mix with the children's shouts. Dale considered the shimmer of sunlight off the surface of the lake and the way the leaves of the alder trees along the bank flashed from powder-white to green in the strong wind, and as always he resigned himself to his small place on earth. He pulled his foot from the concrete and a shower of pebbles rattled into the grass.

On the patio, facing the lake, he sat for a moment in a plastic chair set next to the redwood picnic table; the truck rested in the sun, its engine ticking. Dale got up to pull a hose over to it. He took a bucket and sponge from the lock-up closet at one end of the carport, added some soap, then sprayed off the truck. He washed away the layer of grit on the hood and roof, and the bumble bees and grasshoppers squeezed into the grill. Working hard,

rubbing the chrome, sweat sparkled on his chest and forehead, and he began to forget himself and his worries, which were of late synonymous. When he was finished, the sun gleamed on the windshield of the truck and steam seeped skyward from the cracks in the asphalt. He grinned at the truck a moment, and ran the back of his arm over his wet face. Mavis called him to lunch. He drank off the rest of the sun-warmed beer and took the bottle to the patio.

On the picnic table was a tray with ice-tea and sandwiches made from the dark bread and red leaf lettuce Mavis had bought at the store. He looked a moment at the sandwiches.

"Dale, we've got to eat," said Mavis.

He sat down to the lunch and listened to the honking of the ducks somewhere up the lake.

"Any mail?" he asked.

"Nothing. Just bills."

"I have to go into town this afternoon, fill out some forms. Want anything?"

"No," Mavis answered.

He glanced into her eyes a moment, and was quiet. She looked back steadily, dully. He got up and went in through the sliding door and took his shirt from the piano stool where it lay folded.

On the piano were Mavis's reading glasses, a graying African Violet sending out withered threads, and their kids' high school graduation pictures. He looked a moment at the pictures, thought about the kids and their own problems, then looked out the front window while the ticking of the kitchen clock measured the stillness of the air. The steady wind bent the long grass growing up around the cement foundation, which faced onto the front of the lot and granted a view of the entire length of the lake, as well as storms that rose from the south over Tillamook Head. From the trailer's window though, a view grown familiar, all Dale could see was a sliver of the lake, and the alder trees, their leaves changing color in the wind. Behind him, Mavis passed by with the things on the tray.

"How long will you be gone?"

"Awhile. I don't know," he said, and went out. He kicked the hose out of the way, but let it lay. Then he got in the truck and drove off, accelerating up the gravel drive with the tire's tread picking up rocks to ping in the wheel wells. On the highway he let the windows down and played the same game with his hand, cupping it to catch the wind, then cracked the wing window just enough to let it whistle.

He parked the truck in front of the bank, then jogged through the traffic. The newspaper office

was down a sidestreet, dark in shadow with moss growing along the edges of the sidewalk and around the bases of telephone poles.

Some of the buildings here were old, of decaying wood. He paused before a tiny auto-repair shop with a single bay and one car in it; he had had a dent taken out of his truck here once. He peered into the greenish shadow where a fluorescent light flickered. A son and father in greasy overalls were working to the squawk of a radio and wiping their hands on rags while the sun shone hard on the roof across the street. The old man raised his eyes to Dale and nodded a familiar if uncertain acquaintance.

Dale walked with his hands in his pockets and his eyes on the sidewalk before him. He caught a glimpse of himself in a smeared window, then looked in at a print shop with dust on all the machines and the display of type laid out on glass shelves.

His focus shifted to his own reflection: around him, the air was hot and still; storefronts sat quiet in the sun, and overhead a few seagulls cried through the blue sky. He looked a moment at his own eyes, soft on the windowpane, and a shiver, beginning at the base of his spine, ran the length of his back and shook through his shoulders. He turned his eyes away and went down the street, his short legs slamming into the descent of the hill that ran to the river.

Next to a dry-cleaner's was the office he wanted, one room with a desk out front and a door leading to a washroom. A woman sat at the desk talking on the phone and smoking a cigarette. Now and again she gulped something from a styrofoam cup, peeling her arms from the plastic blotter. When Dale stepped in she indicated a bench along the wall with a nod of her head. Dale sat and studied an insurance-company calendar and listened to the crackle of a ship-to-shore radio until the woman was off the phone.

"Fill this out please, Mr. Saunders," the woman said, and handed over a clipboard and a short, bitten pencil through a cloud of smoke. Dale took the clipboard and looked through the questions, then filled out all the information carefully in block letters, before handing back the board.

"Four o'clock tomorrow morning," said the woman, squinting at the form through a veil of smoke. "At the corner of the Arco station down the street."

"I know it," said Dale.

The woman sucked at her cigarette and took a look at him. Dale looked back, slightly raising his

chin.

"Don't be late for your first day," she suggested.

"I won't."

"It's not so bad," the woman went on, smiling now and jabbing out her cigarette in a glass tray. She breathed heavily, and settled her arms on the desk, neatly interlacing her fingers.

"We've had several retired gentlemen work with us," she said, looking up. "They say it gives them time to think."

"Is that so?" said Dale and nodded his head. He was quiet; he began working the knuckles loose of one hand. He felt suddenly at his back the sunshine on the buildings across the street, the heat rising off the tar shingles, and the dirty windows reflecting the sun. He thought of the river, its dark, quiet depths at the end of the street. He felt himself in relation to them somehow, connected, and wondered what he was doing in this office.

"Thank you," he added, and got up to leave. He nodded at the woman, then pulled open the door, setting off a tiny buzzer. The woman called from behind, "Four o'clock," as the door slipped closed.

He stood on the sidewalk and took a breath. Down the street was the river. Along the docks a few cars were parked, but the river itself was quiet. A barge rested in the channel, and at the railing some young men dangled fishing lines, bending their spines to press their lean stomachs against the rail, the sun at their backs. In the opposite direction, up the steep hill next to the fire station, was the Elks Club. Dale climbed the two blocks past the old shops, crossed at the light, then took the elevator up to the third floor of the old masonry building.

The elevator doors opened, and it was suddenly cool and quiet. He felt the heat abate, escaping his open collar around the neck. An air-conditioner hummed in a distant window. Amber lights reflected off the red vinyl booths, and in the center of the floor the wood-grained tables and chairs stood deserted; wax candles and glass ashtrays caught the light. Dale hesitated a moment, then coughed and went in. At the bar, leaning his elbows into the cushion that formed the rounded edge, was a small, white-mustached man in a flannel shirt and deck shoes, with his feet tucked up to the stool's top rung.

"Gus," Dale said, and sat next to him.

"Now what do you think of that?" Gus said, turning to glance at Dale, then back to the TV. He shook ice in a short glass and raised the glass to his lips.

"What's that," said Dale.

"This goddam TV program," said Gus, and shook his head. "Nothing but soaps."

The woman working the bar came up, a woman with small shoulders but full chest, and a simple, open expression.

"Mary, this is Dale Saunders," said Gus. "Be nice to him."

"Just a beer, Mary," Dale said.

"She just started. Lives up in Clatskanie," Gus confided, keeping his eyes on Mary while she was away getting Dale's beer.

"Clatskanie," said Dale.

"Things are even worse in those parts."

Mary brought the beer, then went down the bar to the telephone, where the receiver rested on the counter. Dale poured the beer into a chilled glass, looking at Mary before looking away. Gus watched him pour, then finished his own drink and set the glass down on the counter.

"Mary," he called down the bar. "Another Bloody Mary." Gus winked at Dale. "I like the way those names work."

Mary was talking on the telephone, and only raised her face without moving her eyes. She held a cigarette to her lips and inhaled; a moment later the smoke came out her nostrils. She laid down the receiver and set about making the drink.

"Goddam boyfriends," said Gus and smiled down the bar. "Coast Guard boys come in here now, just because she's here. Say they're guests of so-and-so." Mary set the drink before him on a paper napkin, then went away. "Not that I care," Gus went on. "Only been here three days, she has."

"Doesn't say much, does she?"

"Not to me."

She was back at the telephone, and lit a new cigarette. She talked, sometimes smiled with her eyes, then brushed at the ash that had caught on the front of her sweater with a flapping motion of her hand.

"Lord have mercy," said Gus, watching her while mixing his drink with a stick of celery. He clutched at his heart in a mock attack.

At the end of the bar near the elevator were some magazines in the flow of the air-conditioner. Dale took an old *Elks News* from the rack and set it on the counter next to his beer. He placed his hand on the cool cover and raised his eyes to the TV.

"Anything new?" asked Gus.

"Oh Christ," said Dale and thought for a moment before answering. He watched the figures on the TV screen flicker by, then said, "No. You?" He flipped through the pages of the magazine, glanced

at a picture of a lumbermill and a bowling team, then put it back on the rack.

"Joined a health club," said Gus. "Go swimming every morning; the afternoons play squash. Just came from there. You ought to join."

"How much did that cost you?"

"Bought a lifetime membership."

"Lifetime?" said Dale, looking at Gus. "How old are you?"

"Now what kind of smart-ass question is that?" said Gus. "I may live to be a hundred. Feel that," said Gus and raised his arm from the bar. He bent it at the elbow and pursed his lips.

"I don't want to feel your arm," said Dale.

"Feel my arm."

"For Christ's sake," said Dale, and squeezed the bulge of muscle through the flannel shirtsleeve. Gus laughed, then moved closer to Dale and winked, speaking into his ear.

"Gotta' keep strong, otherwise the ladies don't get no satisfaction."

Dale drank from his beer. He looked up, then down the bar where Mary was leaning her elbow on the counter, talking into the phone. Her hair was brown and reddish under the lights; smoke from her cigarette filtered up through some of the curls to turn white near the ceiling. Dale was watching; she stopped her talk for a moment and looked in his direction, then turned her eyes away.

"This goddam television," Gus repeated; he scooted off the stool and went around the bar to turn it off. "Nothing but soaps. Nobody ever thinks of the retired man. Maybe a program for him once in a while." He pushed a button under the counter and music came on through the stereo system. From the end of the bar came Mary's muffled voice, then the roar of a log truck as the driver pulled from a stoplight and worked his way through the tightly meshed gears. The truck faded away into the distance.

"Some boys are still working," said Gus, raising his ear.

"Tell me," Dale said after a while. "How are you getting by?"

"Me?" said Gus. He looked at his drink a moment, then lifted his glass from the counter and drank, catching the ice with his lip. He set the glass down and twisted it on the counter. "I ain't no king."

"There's just you, right?"

"Now you know that's true," Gus said, glancing at Dale.

"Well how do you get by?"

"Same as you. I got my pension."

"It's not enough," Dale said, and shook his head. "Mine's only half of yours. I only put in twelve years on the docks."

"Thirty-five," said Gus, staring at the bottles aligned behind the bar; the liquids in them refracted the light in solid bars which ran back the labels.

"I was busy with other things before."

"Nobody's accusing you."

"I know nobody's accusing me," said Dale. "I just don't understand how I'm expected to get by on half a pension." Dale drank from his beer, then looked up at the TV. He saw himself there on the gray screen, sitting at the bar next to Gus. He watched for a moment then looked away, first up the bar toward Mary, then at the glass he held in his hands. He wiped the sweat off the glass with his thumbs.

"I used to be a businessman in this town."

"I know it," said Gus. "Packing materials."

"Employed five people full-time. Then the canneries went down. I went to work for someone else. Thought I could do it somehow, when I stopped work; had it figured. Now," Dale said, and shook his head. "Either the money is shrinking or the expenses growing. Can't figure which."

"Don't you got any savings?" said Gus.

"Some. Don't want to touch that."

"No," Gus agreed, and smiled.

"The wife buying expensive lettuce and bread," Dale went on, growing accustomed to his own voice, now and then glancing up at the reflection of himself on the TV screen.

"What," said Gus, raising his head now and looking at Dale, studying him with his watery blue eyes. "You don't know how good you got it."

Dale poured the rest of the beer into the glass, then slid the empty bottle along the puddle it had left.

"Figured it would be different, didn't you?"

"Who did?"

"Always do," said Gus, nodding at his drink. "I'm all alone. Going on seven years."

Dale cleared his throat and shifted his attention to his beer.

"You bought a little piece of property and started to build—" Gus said, and laid his hands open to the air. "Then nothing."

"We'll be starting up again soon. Just as quick as we get some extra money together."

"Of course," said Gus. "How long have I been hearing that?"

"But you know how they are about hiring us older fellows; think we're a health or safety hazard."

"Sure," said Gus, and settled his weight into the cushion of the bar. "Sometimes, I just hate to go home at night; the kids away in California and whatnot. Think about that."

"And Mavis. She deserves better. Her family was well off."

"I haven't seen the grandson in over a year," Gus said. "Goddam if he didn't say 'Granpa who?' on the telephone last time."

"She takes it well though, Mavis does."

"Going down there this winter, spend Christmas in San Diego."

"Always figured we'd get by somehow."

"Little fellow has grown. They send me pictures, and of course I talk to them on the phone every so often."

Dale thought a moment, then glanced up at the TV screen.

"We're not just talking about money here, you know."

Gus looked up. "Who isn't?" he said. "Shoot."

Dale glanced at him, then down the bar at Mary, who was still on the phone.

"Now why the hell did you turn that TV off?"

Outside, the sun was angling along the street past storefronts, and sending long shadows from fire plugs and parking meters. Dale stood a moment unsure which way to turn.

At the end of the street, where it sloped alarmingly toward the river, the hills on the Washington side were a deep blue and over them the sky rose white and flat. Dale went to his truck, drove in that direction, then braked down the steep hill and turned along the narrow road that led to a park and boat ramp. He parked above, at one end of the lot beneath the shade of an oak, well away from the litter of boat trailers and campers. He turned off the engine, sat a moment in the the silence, then reached for the flask he kept locked in the glove compartment.

From here, he had a good view of the river, and the boats there, that were out in the early evening, casting gray shadows on the water. The current was steady and smooth, too strong to allow any anchors, and the engines of the fishing boats puffed away small plumes of blue as they ran at trolling speed. The boats themselves did not move, but only held steady against the current. Fishing poles dangled out the backs of the boats at obtuse angles, sending snakish shadows skittering over the water, and the lines shot out straight and beaded from the quavering tips.

He watched boats work to hold their ground,

some sliding forward or back slightly, trailing rainbows of oil leakage; and occasionally one boat would pull up to try a different place, always to fall back in line, facing upstream nudging against the pressure.

He watched the fishing, and all the fatigue of the day seemed to settle within him. He felt his eyes close and he nearly slept. In his half-sleep, he saw the boats, and felt what it was like to be one of them, pushing constantly just to keep from falling back. He yearned for a rest, some respite; but there was none. The moment he let himself relax, he felt the current push him back, toward something terrifying that lay behind him, and he stiffened to hold his place. The sky grew steadily darker over the hills, and the sound reaching his ears softened. He opened his eyes and sat up in the seat. The boats were still out, though the shadows they cast had deepened. He watched them then, sipping from the flask, until the lines were drawn in by shadowy figures against the reflective water. The boats turned their noses out of the current and floated back before the engines sputtered to life and the boats headed toward shore. Dale screwed tight the metal cap, then locked the flask away in the glovebox.

Lights were on yellow in the trailerhouse; the yellow porch light lit the patio, and moths swarmed about it. Dale parked the truck under the carport, then looked up at the vault of stars as he crossed the grassy lot to slide open the patio door.

"There you are," said Mavis. "I was about ready to call out the cavalry."

Dale went in and sat down. His head felt thick, and the lights were bright. The room seemed unreal to him.

"What's for dinner?"

Mavis set a casserole on the table and two spoons.

"Where were you?"

"Stopped in for a drink."

"I can smell it."

Dale held his head in his hands.

After dinner, while Mavis did the dishes, Dale lay on the couch. He turned on the TV and picked up the paper and read parts of it through his reading glasses, until Mavis finished in the kitchen. She turned out the lights there, then came to the living room and turned on a movie.

"You'll have to sleep tonight," she said.

"Yes. Early one tomorrow," Dale said, then set the paper aside and watched the movie without understanding it until he felt his eyes closing and then Mavis shaking his shoulder. He looked up at

her; the lights were out in the room. "Time for bed." He watched her down the dark hallway, then rolled off the couch and followed. He lay in the darkness listening to the crickets in the long grass around the house and the trucks passing on the highway, and stared at the ceiling until he felt his body grow cold and he was nearly asleep.

"Will you be all right in the morning?" Mavis whispered.

"Of course I will."

"Because you don't have to do this if you don't want to."

"No," Dale said. "I have to."

He lay quietly, until his eyes closed of themselves, and he saw the boats on the river in twilight, the water pink and blue-shadowed. The boats held their ground against the force of the river. Then Dale was one of them, pressing against the stream, yet deathly afraid, struggling against what lay behind him but at the same time drawn to release, to cease the struggle; it would be simplest and best to let go, he felt, and to drift. But at the moment he had made up his mind to let go, a sudden fear seized him and shook him awake.

Mavis lay sleeping beside him in the blue darkness, her breathing steady and slow. The hands of the clock dial glowed eerily green above her sleeping figure. He pressed the alarm button and stepped out of bed to dress in the cold. He went out; the stars spread across the sky in a giant sweep, and the first birds were just awakening. Everything in the truck was cold to the touch. He started the engine, then let it idle to warm before slowly climbing the gravel drive. In the mirror, the dark box of the trailer home was silhouetted against the water of the lake. He drove to town with the headlights on and by the time he reached the newspaper depot they were almost not needed. Halogen lights flooded the wooden shed where the papers were distributed, and a few cars were parked about, their engines running in the cool morning. Dale stopped his truck and stood a moment watching a teenage boy in a baseball cap and wearing gloves cutting the wires from bundles of newspapers. The boy looked up.

"You the guy taking over Eddy's route?"

"I guess so. I don't know Eddy."

"He's the guy who quit," the boy said. He pointed at two stacks of papers bound with wire. "Those are yours. Here's a list of the houses." He took a sheet of paper from a clipboard lying on a desk in the shed. Dale looked on both sides of the sheet; on the back was a map of his route, the houses receiving papers marked in blue.

The boy said, "Don't throw the papers, fold them properly. Don't miss any houses; do a good job." The boy clipped the wires around Dale's papers, then carried them over to the truck. Dale held the door open for him as the boy set the papers on the passenger side.

"Eddy used to do the route in under two hours. Try to be done by six-thirty if you can."

"I will," said Dale.

"This is a good route, sir," the boy added, removing his baseball cap for a moment to wipe his hair. "No dogs, and people generally pay on time." The boy hustled back to the shed, shouting something to some other kids who arrived in a dented station wagon, the windows open and the radio blaring.

"Thank you," Dale called to the boy's back. The boy raised a hand.

In his truck he drove with one hand on the stack of papers, the other on the wheel. The streets were dark and vacant, though beneath an inconstant sky the earth was gradually shifting; all the shop windows were empty; and down the side streets where Dale let his attention linger was the river, still holding the darkness of night, moving forever toward the sea, silent and implacable.

"Currents" tied for second place in the TELS 8th Annual Fiction Contest and is Jeffrey Klausman's first published story. Klausman has been living in Tokyo since graduating with an M.F.A. in creative writing from the University of Oregon in 1986.



Artwork by Tokyo artist, Okazaki Ryu

Featured Poet: David Silverstein

If the Dread Be Really True

If "I am alone" is sincere then all the ears are overboard, flesh too the bare deck lacking even knotholes, all witnesses dead and the wind cannot reach the ship

Ink is blocked from the tip, paper so rough as to admit nothing that drips or else so slippery that "over the edge" the anthem

And empty room or rather a room whose extremities are unknown to the one who plots, walls elsewhere. They are gone. An empty field with limp grass and nothing grazing

The water need not fear when the solitary sips for that is the nature of the retardation: the lips have never met

And when like water such a being knows it cannot be taken, or take, it is alone. And the shadow? The shadow is the sorrow's redundance. The false substance saying "I am here."

**The Rainy Season
(an obituary)**

On high, blue's cowardly retreat
the kites are dead, but

blue's blue flags of surrender fly,
blue's strings like severed ligaments
alone in the sky

mercy now would only be the foolishness of clouds
black is a muscle that screams to be used

lower, the nervousness of more minor blues
now that their goliath has fled

the gargantuan's power was fake all along
and in this wind drunk watercolor

the old kingdom is bled and bled
of blue.

Invasion of the Room Snatchers

A squirrel shows itself on the path
and gives me a look.
Just for a moment we live
in each other's eyes I
am squirrel and the squirrel's
breath coursing through my lungs.
But then he dives for thick grass I
would look silly diving. My look
has not fooled him he knows
how far I still must go. For him
there is a hole he knows and
there is exposure. I with
a thousand holes leading nowhere
and covers of equal uncertainty
trying to fill a thousand rooms.
An advanced being cannot
admire a squirrel.

The Watchman, Kim

A Kim sits ready sudden loving the chair, the hallway has a leopard.

Part of the wall, the air sea spout of the floating serenity we look for
in the country of doors. In fact a Kim is at the door a plug set
a whole series of Kims the shifting outline Kim calls "my bodies."

Now though he has gone deeper into his face and into his body
and the features are left unused, this desertion distracts us, a box
of tools left on the grass squints with the sun and is still as warm
with sharpness. And in this pose too we sense a foreboding.

We all hide snakes.

His form flooding the window could at any frame incite the fuse.

A black pomegranate perfectly suited to our fondness for the globe.

Wherever the wrench presses the grass green is turned back:
the sun is stolen. Kim has failed.

The Laps of Parnassus

His head is in her lap and she is looking down on him as a tree
looks down on its shadows, benevolence in the form of leaves, of sway
from her eyes

for the head it is an unimagined future the mind could never in a
thousand years consider as the end of roll

the hills are covered with nothing but grass and space, and a
distinct omission

(what is this sense that I am reserved for something?)

his head on her lap as it was long before, when the tree was inconsequential
even to the artist, and the shadows no more than the pale clutch
of uncertainty

then there was a hesitancy about indulging in omission as if omission
meant sadness and longing

(the monkey's gape when it sees the cracked shell holds nothing)

yes his head is filling her lap but imperfectly so, there is room
for something else, a willing refusal is there too

like an oddly shaped second head beside the first.

If I Were the Bathman

(for three harmonicas and water)

Night. Street. Windless.

She has the smell
of the bath about her.
If I were the Bathman
I would have found her,
the Bathwoman
mating
horn of plenty
reunion
salt foam
corral.

Her hair has the ease
of stragglers, still wet
towel bound and
on the road.
If I were the Bathman
I would have found her,
the Bathwoman
mating
horn of plenty
reunion
salt foam
corral.

She ambles, doesn't
walk. She feels
for the moment
the lunacy
of getting there.
She is calm the way
a clam is calm.
If I were the Bathman
I would have found her,
the Bathwoman
mating
horn of plenty
reunion
salt foam
corral.

The Interloper

This stone wall massively sloping was once pure unrelent. Created to be alone it is now everywhere covered with green fur. What shall we say, that stone has succumbed to moss or that moss has surrendered to the attractive brutality of stone, whose merciless presence the moss perhaps found irresistible?

But neither would do, for yesterday has ceased to exist and naming the dead is a game for fools.

Rather we might say that in its willingness to mix, to be less than pure and give up its solitary life, green has matured or that the huge stone has opened its fist and helped a stranger endure the frailty of beauty.

A stirrup was offered.

But to talk of maturity in things that never die is a risky affair. It might be better saying, "The stone dreamt its fur had turned white" or "The moss managed a muscle."

A Finger of Sympathy

Walking, and the green tendril which could be the tongue off the wall licks my gloom clean. But what consolation can be there in stone, other than rawness?

The street is wet and the lying surf sound of tires slurring the asphalt with condescension. "Here, art." shoving in the face and a bandage

is lifted prematurely. I spread my sullen mood like fungi, the sun is pushed away. This is no place for gaiety. And still the tendril's stupidity. The caring. A dog at the door of unknowing. Wanting the lap at all costs. My patellar universe, loyal discs and ligaments, circling

Circling about a center which may not exist. Imagine: the surf, surging, forward, eager to speak of the depths.

And the beach, gone, nowhere, scooped. The dilemma of such a tide. The foolish wet longing leaping into bed.

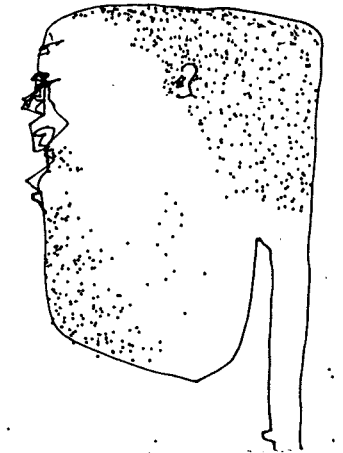
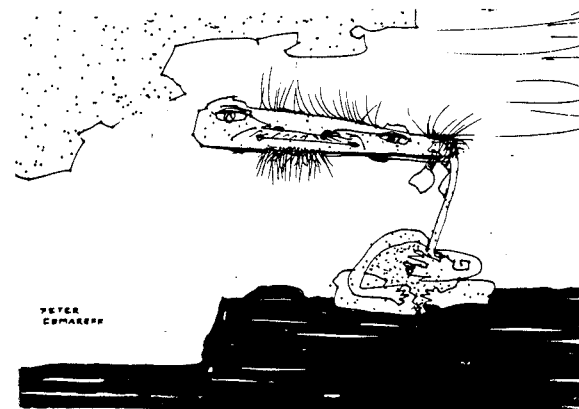
David Silverstein lives and works in Tokyo. He also writes a lot of poetry. His last major reading was Poetry Without Ketchup. Popular demand is calling for another, and hopefully a book to be published through SARU PRESS.

images:

a family of portraits



graphics by Peter Comaroff



Beyond Parable

by Cid Corman

Sitting on the granite step leading up to the meditation hall at Myōshinji again and watching an ant. Dependable company, along with the pines and the walls and the space: earth and air, occasional passersby.

I'm only resting at the halfway point of my usual walk. I've done this, literally, thousands of times—having lived here over twenty years.

My thinking—beyond my unalterable delight in the ant—its assiduity, obstinacy in trying to find something—if only some injured other to pick up and carry back to its hole in the ground or under the rock or between rock and rock—often tends to dwell on values.

How does one determine values? Am I worth more to my kind than that ant to its? What is our relative value in the face of the infinite scene which I vaguely know of and of which we are both infinitesimal parts? Can one speak, except within the order of a species, of values—sensibly?

And even within a species—does it make sense? And I don't mean business or rationale. After all, is a Buddhist intrinsically worth more than a Jew? Is a Communist worth more than a Fascist or an American liberal? Is a Freudian worth more than a Jungian? Is a neo-Platonist worth more than a logical positivist? Is a doctor worth more (I'm not speaking in terms of cash-assets) than a barber? Is a man worth more than a woman? Is a child worth more than a doddering old imbecile? Is an apple worth more than a pear (and again, not in marketable value)? Is the rarity of a diamond what makes it worth more than a dragonfly in amber? Or beauty?

Is Christ worth more than Judas? Is Gautama worth more than Hitler? Is hate worth less than love? Is earth better than the moon?

I recognize what is called "pragmatics." If the mosquito bites and I can get to it, I'll kill it and it won't make me feel guilty. The sadness in the tiger's eyes I realize doesn't come from having mercilessly caught and killed a young member of the deer family. Is laughter better than tears? Or grief better than joy? Is rock better than wood, plastic better than glass?

Am I better than you because I can or do write

poetry?

You can feel a shift here from one sense of value into another, or one widening more encompassing sense accommodating all—the stone cast into the pool reverberating circles that keep returning to enclose and reach stasis or calm again. We hurt or hurtle ourselves into sense, or what we like to regard as sense. Is sense worth more than nonsense?

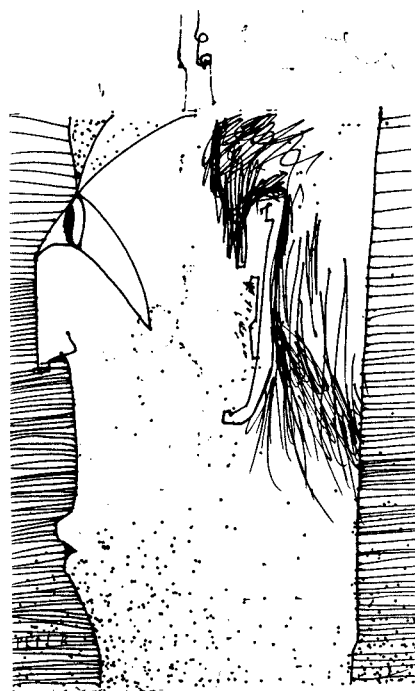
Is the ant amoral? I put my finger down or foot and block the ant's wandering approach. The ant pauses, feels, backs off, tries to go in, still impeded circles back and around or off. It isn't, I'm certain, cursing me or judging me as being good or bad, helpful or unhelpful; it isn't writing poetry or meditating; it doesn't think or regard the temple as a temple or me as a god, as the god of ants. I am simply another given, like earth and rock, food and other whatever. An irritant perhaps, a change in its program, an obstruction, perhaps a threat to its whatever-it-feels-it-is.

The ant is to itself neither ant nor god, nor earth nor, for that matter, anything. It is whatever-is-going-on-doing-what-it-being-can.

It has no value or values and yet, what bugs me no end, it has such clarity of act, even when it pauses for no palpable "reason." And yet I recognize it as never being unreasonable. My presence insofar as I contingence upon it is attested and I am grateful to the ant, as to the earth, for its attestation—for we who do live so much within our heads, our minds, our so-called psyches and souls, more and more cry out for confirmation. We want witnesses. And yet the ants make no memorials to us. They fail to idolize us. They seem not to recognize our greatness nearness, and we would have it, dearness, to god.

We have trained dogs at least to bow down and grovel before our highnesses, but they have become, under our tutelage, dependent more or less strictly upon us. The ant has never proven quite so domesticable, at any event—to our purposes. Bribery is our normal mode, of course—creating compulsions. And what we call "Love" is often only a variation on the theme of bribery.

Does our pet love us or the needs we have



Peter Comaroff draws, paints, and has even designed covers for poetry books. An exhibition of his suiboku paintings was held this year in Harajuku.

created in him and that have become inextricably affiliated with our presence? And to what extent is this equally true of the relation of human parent to human child—or in other mammals, birds, bugs?

What is magnetism? Repetition shapes the river's bed. The water not only hangs down through the force of what we call "gravity"—magnetism—but also hangs up due to another force, also a kind of magnetism, a pull, a suck, a desire, a necessity, an interaction—and one is part of the other.

So it is that watching the ant I know that I too am an ant and the earth and the sun and the air which

in our different ways we breathe, we utilize, to go on by. And I don't feel better or worse for being an ant also. Or more or less oppressed by the act, the act.

Something, as my friend Bronk might say, is going on and I and the ant, this that or the other ant, or I, are part, the smallest parts, of that going, this, going on.

I leave the ant there for now, unable to leave myself as yet, but always on the way towards just that, towards home.

Utano, 31 May 86

One of several major post-war American poets to come to Japan, Cid Corman continues to live and write in Kyoto and can occasionally be found at CC's, a coffee and confectionary shop he runs together with his wife. He is the author of more than twenty books of poetry, translator of Basho's OKU-NO-HOSOMICHI, and editor of ORIGIN.

review

Robert Brady's *Further On This Floating Bridge Of Dreams: Poems from Kyoto*

It would be wrong to take the word "further" in the title of Robert Brady's recent book of poems, *Further On This Floating Bridge of Dreams*, as denoting some kind of progress, as if the dreams of the present have become any better than the dreams of the past. The latter promise more but enchant less, and Brady is fully aware that only ephemeral realities hide behind all the glitz and glitter of the present. One can't blame Brady for finding the old and the proven more attractive, even if he occasionally approaches the revered in an irreverent way.

In the very first poem, "Bushman Hits the Bigtime," we see the famed actor of the equally famous South African movie, *The Gods Must Be Crazy*, newly arrived in urban Japan, being presented with all the treasures of modern civilization and nonetheless smiling

wider
& wider at it
all.

It's not just the gods who are crazy. And in the end,

he knows, he'll be going home. Brady manages to imply that it might be to our advantage to follow him—if not in body, then at least in spirit.

This theme is repeated often in the book, with the same juxtapositions of primitive-past and gaudy-present applied to Japan. Thus in the poem, "In Which Amaterasu Omikami and Susa-no-O-no-Mikoto Take the Bullet Train," the two ancient gods of light and creation are spotted riding in indistinguishable modern clothes from Tokyo to Osaka, wondering

... why in the world
they started all this.

Why indeed? The question as it is put at the end of the poem is reminiscent of Nietzsche's eternal recurrence: "Are they going back once more / to try it all over again?"

A more complex image illustrating Brady's back-to-the future perspective is found in the

poem which gives its title to the book. Here we see Lady Shikibu, ancient authoress of the *Tale of Genji*, coming back to her ancient city, now mod-



Robert Brady: taking us further

ern, and not recognizing it. Interesting enough. But what gives the poem its special spin is the invitation extended by the poet for the Lady to get down and boogie with him at a disco:

Anonymously of course. . .
perhaps you already do for all I know;
is that you there
shimmying in the Shiseido mask
Max Factor shadow in the Bill Blass original?

I found myself wondering: why ask her—a personified past dressed up in modern garb—to dance? To liven up a past which in fact is dead? To escape from a present which is inescapable? Or to simply try to reconcile the two—to dance together? The poem ends with lovers' tears on Lady Shikibu's kimono while she waits in the "dim Heian dawn." The night is over. The dream is ended.

This is the *sabi* of Brady's book, a past which cannot be recovered. At times Brady takes obvious delight in the bright lights and noise of the present, seeing modern life itself as a pachinko ball. When successful it goes:

ding
tok
ding
pachin DING!!

Of course, neither pachinko or life are always successful, but for one moment you can still have the feeling of "ridin free ridin wild on the painted

world ding." Only Brady's light dusting of sarcasm lets on that everything may not really be as dreamlike as it seems.

While not above occasionally taking wicked delight in such pastimes, Brady casts a more sober eye when contemporary life demands not only diversion, but also devastation. In "Demolition" we watch an old house being destroyed—"wanting to hold on forever and failing"—as it crashes to earth,

. . . bearing the treasure
of all its lives up beyond the reach
of all the high-rises in the world.

This is definitely a high point in the book, but unfortunately Brady isn't able to bear up these kinds of poetic treasures throughout the entire collection. "Rocks and I" deftly plays with the undifferentiatedness of meditating rocks and captures the possibilities for undifferentiated human consciousness, but "Schizoid Poem," while clever, simply dredges up the all-too-familiar self-consciousness of self-conscious poetry. Here, we have left the Floating Bridge behind us to simply float in streams of consciousness with no destination.

Brady does his best work when he takes us for a ride on the floating bridge between present and past—and lets us consider both banks of the river at the same time: is it mere coincidence, for example, that the Imperial Palace of old Edo sits just across the moat from the modern financial center of Japan?

—Richard Evanoff

Happenings

Tokyo

Tokyo Writers Workshop on the second Sunday of each month at the Shinjuku Bunka Center. Poetry: 1-3 pm. General Mtg. and Fiction: 3-5 pm. Next meetings: January 8, February 12, and March 12. For details: 044-933-1254.

Poetry reading at Richard's Books on the last Saturday of

each month, 9 pm after Amnesty Int'l Mtg. For more info: 03-391-2164.

Kyoto

Kyoto Connection meets regularly on the last Saturday of each month from 8-12 pm at Studio Varie. Open performance of poetry, music, story-telling, dance, mime, et. al. For details or to schedule an event, contact

Ken Rodgers at 075-822-0898.

Hamamatsu

Four Season Writers Workshop was recently formed and a writers' workshop held November 26 - 27, 1988. Future workshops may be planned. For details contact: Four Seasons Cultural Center, 4-32-11 Sanarudai, Hamamatsu 432; phone: 0534-48-1501.

Know of a place where writers get together or perform or critique work? Let us know too! We'll be delighted to include information about the activities of writers in Japan, including events and publications—free. Send typed info / announcements, publications and books for review to Edge, 1933-8 Hazama-cho, Hachioji-shi, Tokyo 193

Marginalia

Seija, a post-humous collection of poems by Seija Kamefuchi, was recently published in a limited edition under the editorship of Steven Forth and Matthew Zuckerman. A small number of free copies are available from TELS for individuals who are especially interested in Seija's work.

TELS Library has books

to borrow, as well as small press mags. Donations of material are still being collected. The library's located at The Second Story in Umegaoka. For directions and info about donating call David Sargent at 03-706-5055.

Anna Watson, former Tokyo writer, is pursuing an MFA at American University and co-editing *Folio*. They're currently

working on an international edition featuring work about international or multi-cultural experiences and welcome submissions, particularly translations. The address is *Folio*, Department of Lit., The American University, Washington, DC 20016 USA.

Humorous books or articles written in English about Japan and/or the Japanese, from classical to contemporary, are being sought by Chris Crowe for research he is doing. Send names of titles and authors, and other recommendations or suggestions, to Dr. Chris Crowe, English Department, Himeji Dokkyo University, 7-2-1 Kamiono, Himeji, Hyogo 670. Phone: 0792-23-0960. Fax: 0792-85-0352.

Citizens' Nuclear Information Center publishes the anti-nuclear English newsletter *Nuke Info Tokyo*. Address: 3F Watanabe Bldg., Higa-shiueno 2-23-22, Taito-ku, Tokyo 110.

Poetry on cassette from The Great Atlantic Radio Conspiracy, 2743 Maryland Avenue, Baltimore, MD 21218 U.S.A.. Sample titles: "Prison Poetry," "Poetry of the Earth," "Adrienne Rich." Catalogue available.

Services

We type manuscripts. Leverett Reed, 5-19-17 Ogawa Nishi Machi, Kodaira City, Tokyo. Phone: 0423-42-7353, Fax: 0423-42-7352. Prof IBM LQ/Daisywheel/Graphics, Spl/Gram ck analysis free. Leg hndwrtn or draft ¥850 ds/pg. Mscritps/Dissert/Tech. Free disk storage, Free return. Fast, accurate, confidential.

Submissions Solicited!

In order to keep the flow of good manuscripts coming in over the transom, EDGE has prepared this set of Contributors' Guidelines. These guidelines will be sent to all inquirers and wannabe contributors to EDGE. To give subscribers a head start on the action, we're publishing the guidelines in this issue. Don't let the fact that we're also in the process of preparing rejection slips discourage you from submitting a manuscript! We are constantly in need of good writing to keep up the quality of the magazine. Masterpieces are welcome, but we'll also accept just plain old good writing. We'd especially like to see contributions from new faces—both writers living in Japan and writing in English (all nationalities included), and writers from abroad with who would like to be in touch with the literary community here.

Contributors' Guidelines for EDGE

EDGE has a two-fold purpose: (1) to provide a forum for poets and writers living in Japan, regardless of nationality; and (2) to make the work of poets and writers abroad available to readers in Japan, both Japanese and foreign. As such, the quarterly will be highly eclectic, committed to as much variety as quality permits, and unattached to any particular movement or "school" of writing. EDGE will attempt to provide a free and open forum for the interaction between sometimes radically different approaches to literature, art, and aesthetics. Writing "about Japan" is OK, but we're more interested in the writers' internal geography—wherever the creative process may lead.

There are no limitations as to form, style, or genre. The size of the publication will impose certain limitations as to length: generally work should be under 20 double-spaced typed pages, but we'll consider serializing longer pieces. Original poetry, short fiction, essays, reviews, etc. in English may be submitted by anyone irrespective of nationality. Simultaneous submissions are OK if we are informed about it. Previously unpublished work is preferred, but material published elsewhere will be considered if there is no overlap in readership.

All submissions should be addressed to the appropriate area (Poetry, Fiction, Features, Info, or Art) and be accompanied by an SASE (international reply coupons for overseas submissions—**no foreign stamps**). Manuscripts should be typed with dark, clean ribbon (dot matrix OK / MacPlus-compatible disks OK); handwritten material is acceptable only if it is completely legible. Poetry may be single spaced, but stories and features should be double spaced with wide margins.

Contributors receive two copies of the issue their work appears in. As an independent, nonprofit publication, our main objective is to get work into print—no one profits personally. We rely mainly upon subscriptions for financial support; all proceeds are reinvested to improve both the quality and size of the publication. We welcome subscriptions from writers and contributors in order to keep this forum for writers and contributors alive and growing.

If the number of people subscribing to literary publications equaled the number who submit work for publication, the small press wouldn't be small and "little" magazines wouldn't be little.

Poetry: EDGE is interested in all forms of poetry, haiku, translations, doggerel, and verse. Length and theme are open.

Fiction: EDGE accepts short stories (widely defined, but no novels please) on any theme and in any style.

Features: EDGE will consider essays, articles, reviews, interviews on any theme related in any conceivable way to literature. Connections with other disciplines (art, politics, philosophy, psychology, science, etc.) and interactions between Western and Eastern literature are especially welcome. Imaginative, exploratory, even speculative writing is preferred over mere factual reporting, especially for essays and articles.

Info: EDGE publishes information about publications, workshops, contests, and literary events both in Japan and abroad. News items and announcements of literary activities are welcome.

Art: EDGE will consider camera-ready graphics and photos (black and white only) of an artistic and/or literary nature.

All material should be sent to:

EDGE
1933-8 Hazama-cho
Hachioji-shi, Tokyo 193
Japan

(Phone: 0426-66-3481)

NETWorks

literary publications to subscribe / submit to

MISSOURI REVIEW. University of Missouri, 231 Arts and Sciences Bldg., Columbia, Missouri 65211 U.S.A. Accepts prose, poetry. SASE.

PACIFIC QUARTERLY. Poetry. All submissions are commented on. 626 Coate Road, Orange, California 92669 U.S.A.

HYSTERIA. Box 2481, Station B, Kitchener, Ontario, Canada N2H 6M3. A quarterly for feminists. Social, cultural, political articles. Quality essays, fiction, poetry by women.

ILLUMINATIONS. THE RATHASKER PRESS. PSC Box 100, APO San Francisco, California 96328 U.S.A. Submit 4-6 poems with name, address on each poem. SASE.

IOWA REVIEW. 308 EPB University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa 52242 U.S.A. No specs on form or length of poetry. SASE.

NANTUCKET REVIEW. Box 1234, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554 U.S.A. All forms, styles of poems. SASE.

THE POET. FINEARTS SOCIETY. 2314 W. Sixth St. Mishawaka, Indiana 46544 U.S.A. A huge 33-page annual. Uses poetry 6-16 lines. SASE.

KENYON REVIEW. Gambier, Ohio 43022 U.S.A. Distinguished literary journal. A quarterly of fiction, poetry, reviews, memoirs. SASE.

GESAR. BUDDHIST PERSPECTIVES. Dharma Publishing, 2425 Hillside Ave., Berkeley, California 94704 U.S.A. Poetry related to Buddhism. SASE.

— David Silverstein